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APRIL 15

VOGUE

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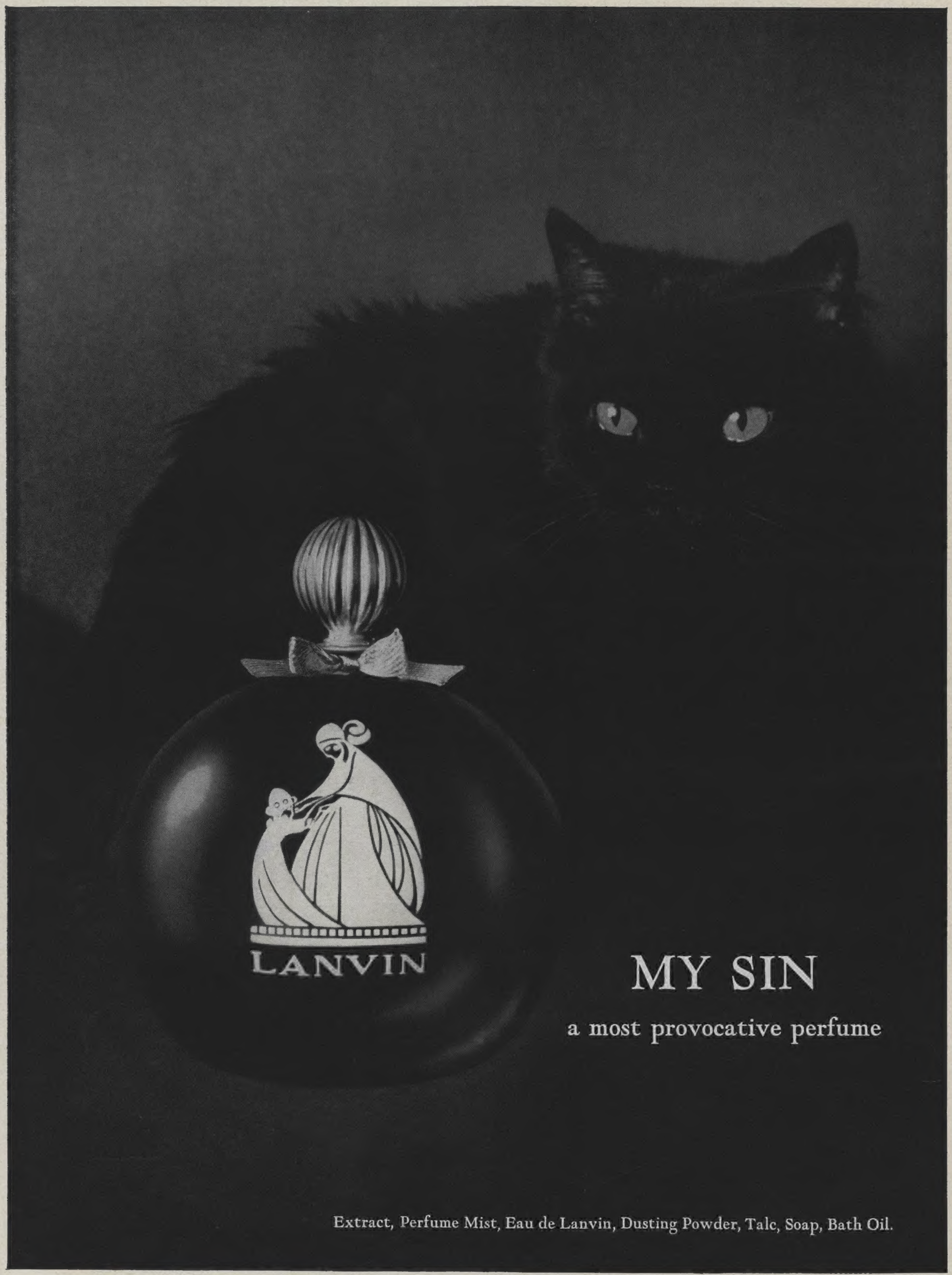
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

APRIL 15, 1961



WILLIAM KLEIN

COVER

The face beneath the magnificent sweep of hat has a delicate matte coolness—a summer look that's sealed up in a tube now in a new make-up, Contempera. Light and frothy, Contempera does the work of foundation-plus-powder; it lives in ten shades. To play off against its coolness: densely-lashed eyes, lipstick in a satiny burnished red—for instance, French Toast by Revlon, the house responsible for Contempera. The hat is Dior's melting Delphinium. Necklace: Van Cleef & Arpels.

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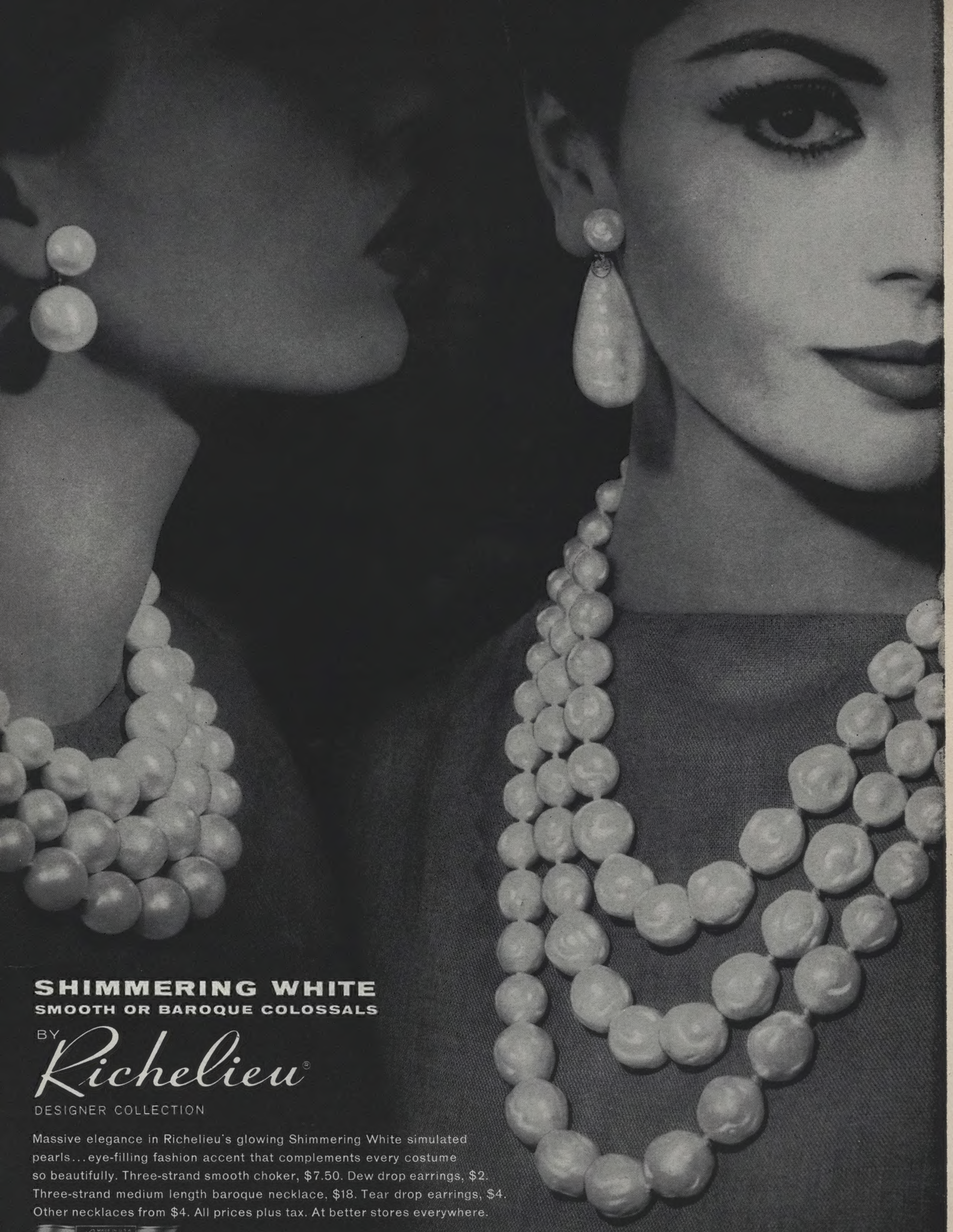
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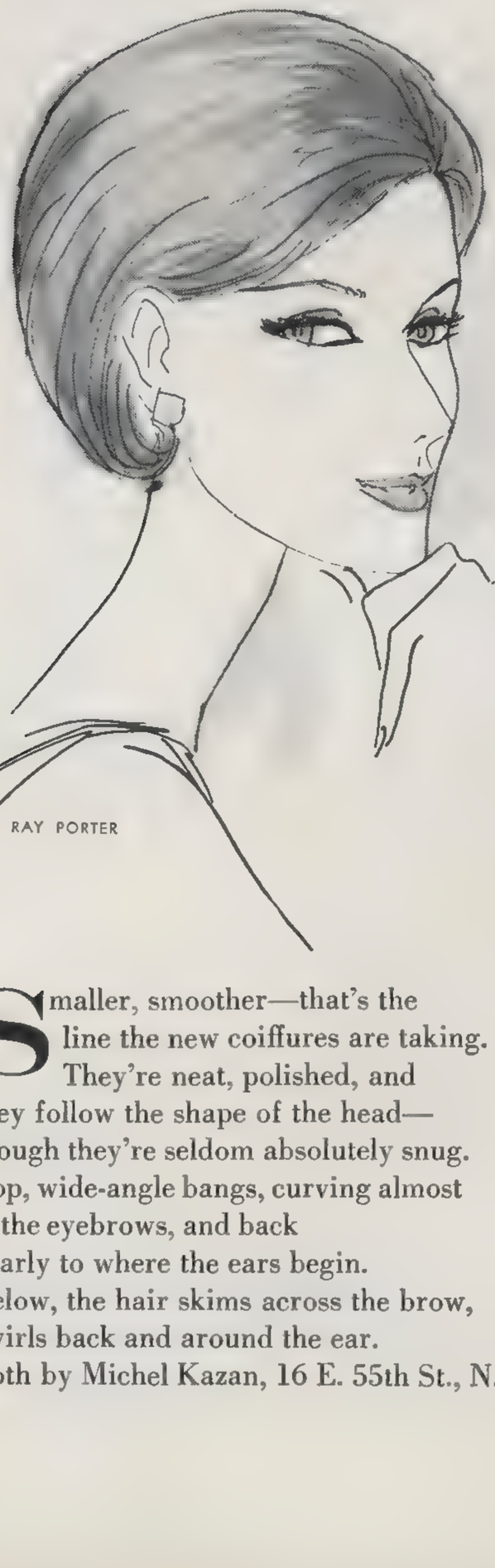
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PAUL RADKAI

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RAY PORTER

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News here of a new rinse, a new tint, and two ways to dry-clean hair between soap-and-water shampoos—at home or on the road

For lightening and tinting hair: the new cream tint, Color Glory. It masks grey hair effectively and—thanks to a special control feature—roots blend in evenly when you retouch a Color Glory tint. The initial application goes on dry hair; a decisive colour change takes up to thirty minutes but five minutes will provide highlights. At the end, the cream is simply shampooed out. By Rexall.

The rinse news: a speedy new do-it-at-home product with real staying power. Beauty Counselor's just-out Temp-tress rinse lasts through four to six shampoos and can take as little as five minutes to act (the Smoke and Chestnut shades take about twenty). No shampooing is required—this rinse has built-in cleaning action. The method: patch-test, then work the liquid colour into the hair evenly; leave it on for five to twenty minutes. If you lose track of the time, no damage is done—Temp-tress quits automatically when its job is done. For the last step, rinse very thoroughly, to prevent rub-off. Temp-tress comes in seven shades; buyable through Beauty Counselor.

Imported from France: Kisby, an easy-to-use dry-shampoo powder in a plastic squeeze-tube. Puff it directly onto the hair, take a minute or two to mull it around; then just five minutes of brushing and the job is done. Not the least of Kisby's talents—it packs as easily as toothpaste; $2: Caswell Massey.

New technique for dry shampoos: Minipoo, a white powder housed in a shaker-top canister, now comes with two narrow strips of terry cloth, each with a centre perforation. Snugged down over the teeth of a comb, the terry cloth absorbs dirt, oil, and shampoo powder. The revised terry-cloth method: sprinkle powder directly onto the hair; rub it around; comb thoroughly, then brush. About $1 at Macy's.



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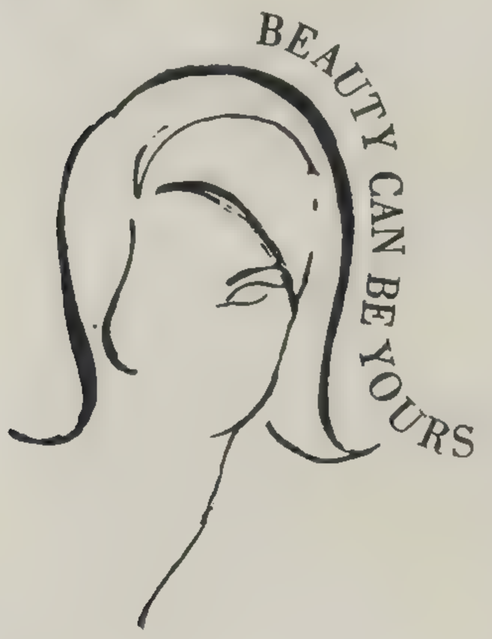
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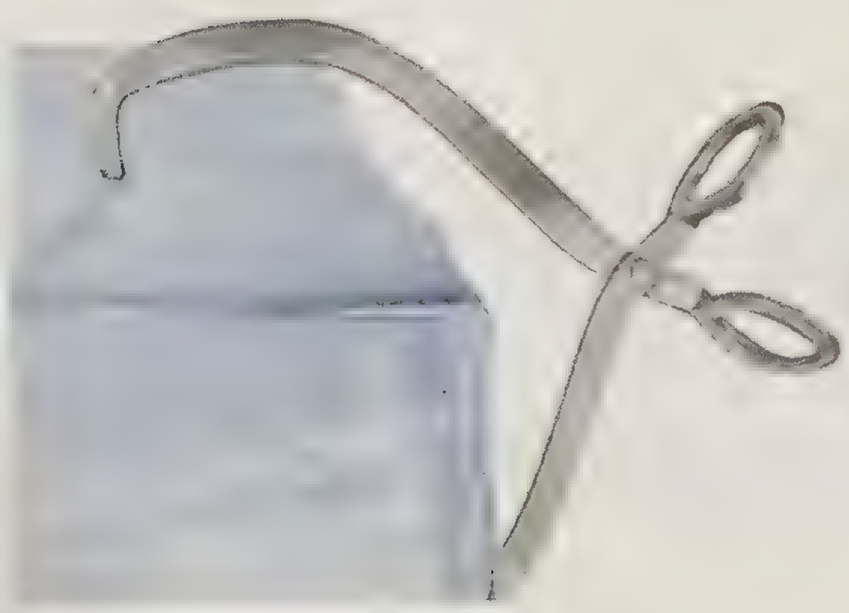
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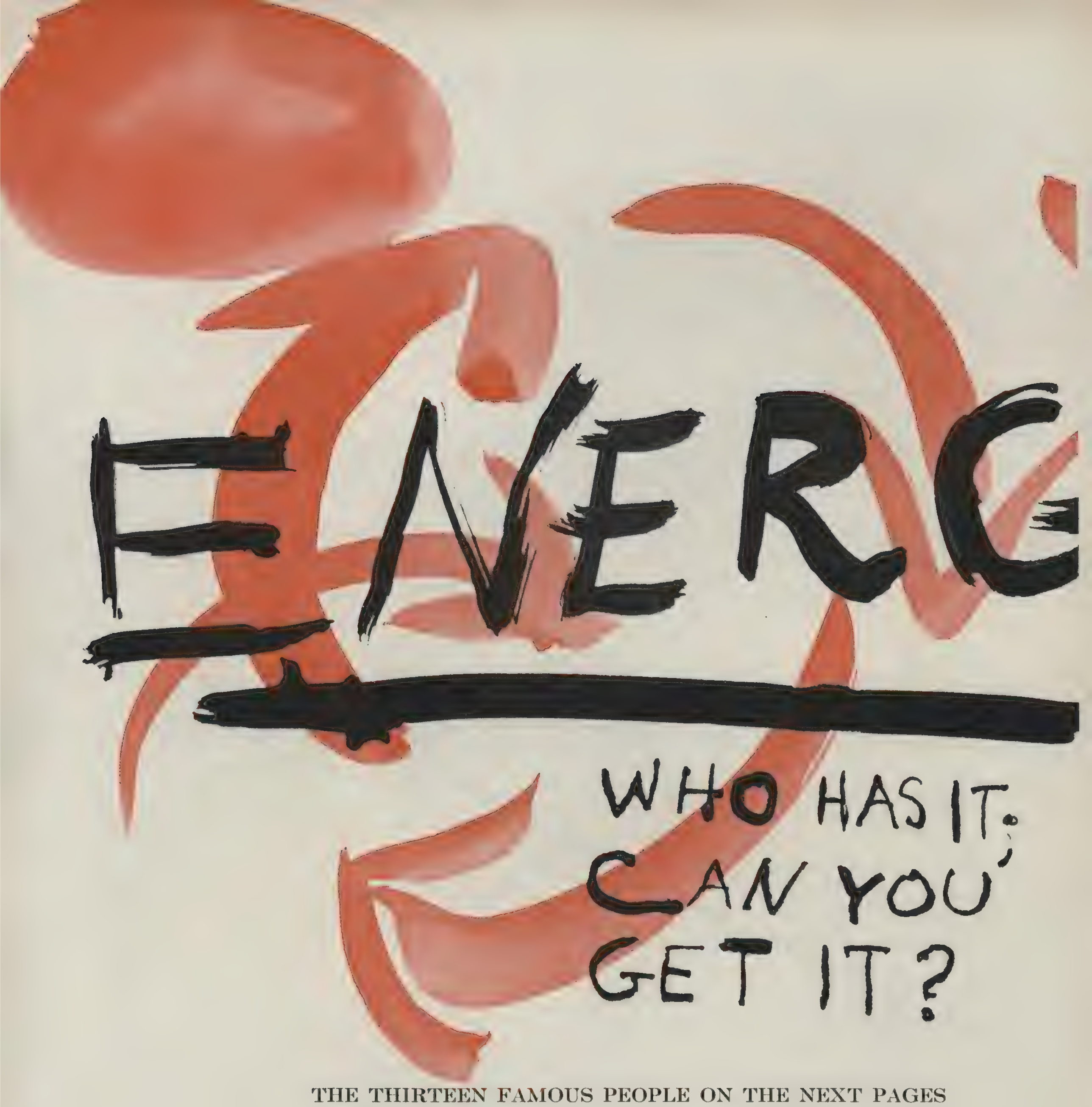
APRIL 15, 1961



PETER MEROM

Vogue's eye view of what matters

Poised in spiky space, audacious, and possibly misguided, this insect adventurer nakedly exhibits the single force that wags the world—determination. "We act," wrote Charles Kingsley, "as though comfort and luxury were the chief requirements of life, when all that we need to make us really happy is something to be enthusiastic about." What prompted the enthusiasm of this anonymous dragonfly is anybody's guess. What matters is: he *cared* about getting over those barbs. And if you have reservations about what caring can do, proceed to the next page where the subject of energy is explored in relentless detail.



THE THIRTEEN FAMOUS PEOPLE ON THE NEXT PAGES APPARENTLY HAVE IT TO BURN. YOU MAY TOO, ACCORDING TO DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS, BUT PERHAPS DON'T KNOW HOW TO LIGHT THE FIRE.



The subject of human energy has taken on a new interest for many U.S.A. citizens who were once rather unconcerned about it. President Kennedy and his forceful new men have made energy alluring, enviable. He radiates it somewhat as a Buddhist guru radiates peace, so that it is almost physically felt like a laying on of hands. Energy begins to seem almost like a separate quality to some of us, like courage or will power, or the gift of a great voice. But what is it really? Can we get more of it, and where?

Attractive as energy is, it is not an easily or accurately measurable phenomenon in a human being. The measure of energy in the body's metabolism is the calorie. To know exactly how much energy a person is "burning up" (that inflammatory term which means the everyday process of converting food and drink into action, physical and mental), it would be necessary to confine him to a hospital where his food intake and metabolism could be measured precisely. However, the measurement would not be an accurate record of his usual energy output because at the hospital he would not be involved in the regular daily activities and emotional conflicts that consume a large part of human energy. For this and other reasons exact measurements of each individual's energy potential can't be had. Even if they could, their usefulness to anyone in good health would not be world-shaking, since, according to Dr. Alvan Feinstein, fatigue is roughly eighty per cent psychologically caused. Dr. Feinstein is a New York internist, articulate and witty in stating his dissenting opinions about the energy-giving claims of food faddists and popular nutrition conceptions, as well as some of his eminent colleagues' traditional theories on nutrition.

ENERGY

One of those popular conceptions has to do with over-emphasizing the rôle the so-called well-balanced diet has in producing energy. A well-balanced diet is certainly necessary to human energy, but there is nearly as much vagueness and contradiction in most minds about the well-balanced diet as there is about Zen. It isn't the one green bean, the one yellow banana, the one little red hen, or what-have-you, taken faithfully every day, that counts as much as getting the proper number of calories and the long-term balance of protein to calories. To define a well-balanced diet exactly it is first necessary to know what it is balanced for—anaemia, weight-loss, pregnancy, or normal relatively sedentary living. As a safe general rule to follow in order to avoid a dangerous imbalance which would impair one's health as well as energy, Dr. Feinstein advises keeping protein in a ratio of at least ten per cent to total calories. In other words, if you're taking 2,500 calories a day, ten per cent of them should come from protein. (Some authorities advocate a higher percentage of protein as long as fats are avoided.) It's important to realize that Dr. Feinstein is speaking of *long-term* diet balance, not special short-term reducing diets, three-day or ten-day diets, many of which are purposely high in proteins or in carbohydrates or high in other things. An imbalance over such short periods is harmless to a healthy person.

The energy problem for most Americans does not lie in getting enough energy from the food they eat, but in realizing the energy they have and in being able to use it. The factors that enable people to use their energy productively cover the entire range of personality, of individual temperament, ambition, drive, will, courage, brains. Dr. Feinstein's amusing equation for energy, $E=mc^2=m.c.c.$, made up of Einstein's famous energy equation ($E=mc^2$) and Dr. Feinstein's own addition, is translated as energy = mind × calories × conditions.

The potential energy acquired from the calories in one bar of chocolate candy, or from one package of low-calorie Tiger's Milk, is enough fuel for a run of several miles. But take this case. Is an architect, disillusioned with his client's response to his house plan, going to rush out and run those miles after drinking a glass of Tiger's Milk, or eating chocolate? Or is he going to put that available energy into a new plan? He may; or he may just snooze at his desk, while all that chocolate sugar turns into extra pounds. Or he may sensibly work off his frustration and extra supply of energy in a game of tennis. The possibilities aren't exactly infinite, but they are enormously varied by the character of the man.

One precarious road in the search for energy is taken by the food faddists who account for everything from ill temper to soft nails by a drop in blood sugar. Dr. Feinstein points out that Dr. Seale Harris' observations of the disease of hyperinsulinism, in which the blood sugar level drops too low because the pancreas is producing an oversupply of insulin (a state the opposite of diabetes) are very valid and valuable observations. However, the Harris Diet, meant to correct this metabolic disorder, has too often been promoted as a cure-all for a lack of energy, for lethargy, depression, headaches, giddiness—which can be symptoms of anxiety or tension rather than of too much insulin; and possibly the symptoms of any number of other illnesses. Snacks between meals, juice, milk, nuts, which the Harris diet provided to keep



the proper blood sugar level, do seem to give a lift to some people who experience fatigue or dizziness or the shakes a few hours after breakfast or lunch. It may just be, however, that the relaxing pause they take along with the snack, plus the release of anxiety in pinning their symptoms on a physical board, rather than a mental one, are the source of the renewed energy they feel.

The fact that many Americans have a guilt complex about mental and/or emotional disturbances that can't be diagnosed as anaemia, heart trouble, or something organic, is pretty widely recognized. We feel inadequate when we don't feel up to a situation. This conflict between how we think we *should* feel and how we actually *do* feel can deplete a lot of energy. Some fascinating national differences in the attitude towards emotional disturbance have been pointed out by Dr. Nathan Kline, the Research Director of the Rockland State Hospital in New York. In the Soviet, mental illness is blamed on Society. In Liberia, the whole family shares in the guilt; one member's discomfort is the discomfort of the family; they are all ill. In Haiti, it is the work of an evil spirit visited upon the victim.

Perhaps our guilt complex about emotional inadequacies helps to explain why some people feel so much better after a shot of Vitamin B or XYZ. One leading New York nutritionist explained it this way. If a person has gone through *(Continued on page 105)*

Supercharged people

President Kennedy's energy is part intense drive—his superb batteries recharge by cat naps, big meals, snacks.
Gabrielle Chanel, the seventy-eight-year-old fashion galvanist, said "One must keep enthusiasm and curiosity."
Ambassador Biddle, new man in Spain, attributes his stamina to boxing, court tennis.
Habib Bourguiba, President of Tunisia; his agile mind, his oratory, power negotiations.
Anne Bancroft re-energized for *The Miracle Worker* by "playing with children."
Olive Beech, blond aerodynamo, president of Beech Aircraft, keeps going by "determination, hard work."
Tom Mboya recently drove his Kenya African National Union to a peaceful electoral victory, fuels up partly "by not giving in to hate."
Pablo Picasso, seventy-nine, said, "Work. More work. Now that's the way to be happy."
Guy Périllat, the French ski champion; his superb physical condition enables him to use the "egg position" for speed.
Marlene Dietrich hurtles tirelessly across eras of glamour. Her fuel: soldierly discipline.
Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin, is moulded of meltproof metal. He said "Our nerves are strong." His are.
Stirling Moss, the world's fastest driver. "I would not like to drive a racing car unless danger were involved."
Enrico Mattei, Italy's oil mogul, races by plane almost daily across Europe, stitches up deals. His whet: Industry.


PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY
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ANTHONY DREXEL BIDDLE
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ANNE BANCROFT
OLIVE ANN BEECH
TOM MBOYA
PABLO PICASSO
ENRICO MATTEI
STIRLING MOSS
MARLENE DIETRICH
WILLY BRANDT
GUY PÉRILLAT

Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss,
an energetic charmer
for whom fashion is
incidental—but good

Detailed next page,
the clothes-biography of
a young woman who keeps
two houses—and three children—
humming along efficiently;
goes to school on a full-time basis;
looks simply marvellous through
the whole breakneck schedule.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Clothes-biography of Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss

Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss is an enormously pretty blue-eyed blonde with a ravishing smile, and an air of apparently limitless vitality. (Before her marriage, she was the gifted young actress, Jo Ann Sayers—the Eileen of *My Sister Eileen.*) Mrs. Bliss wears clothes with the easy grace of a woman whose figure—slender and long-legged—is just about perfect, and whose life leaves practically no time to think about them. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss spend weekends at their house in Locust Valley, where most of these photographs were taken, and where Mrs. Bliss can indulge, equally, her passion for riding and for cooking (her children are slowly coming around to the idea that there's more to food than well-done hamburgers and globs of chili sauce). But nowadays, the Blisses' main base of operations is a New York apartment, which Mrs. Bliss is currently decorating. Typically, her day begins around seven—and often as early as five-thirty if there's a particularly busy day ahead. By eight-thirty, her husband has left for his office, and her youngest son, John, is ready for school (Anthony, junior, is at boarding school now, and her teen-age daughter, Eileen, boards part of the week at Miss Hewitt's). Between then and nine o'clock, Mrs. Bliss whizzes through the inevitable rote of daily phone calls, and then she, too, is off to school. Mrs. Bliss is working for a Bachelor of Science degree in History of Art at Columbia, goes to classes four days a week—usually by bus ("taxis make me feel rushed"), and invariably with a weight of dimes in her pockets to polish off any remaining phone calls. Evenings during the week are, as often as can be managed, quiet ones. But even Tuesday nights at the Opera (Mr. Bliss is president of the Metropolitan Opera Association), are likely to be followed by several hours of reading for Wednesday classes. From this wilting schedule, Mrs. Bliss emerges unwilted—clearly relishing every moment and looking, at any given moment, beautifully, correctly dressed. On days that she's at Columbia, her look is shirt-sweater-skirt or a simple jersey dress. Either way, she wears small-heeled shoes ("High heels," she explained, "are fatal on those bricked walks"), and a somewhat longer than usual coat ("it always blows so up there"). Non-school days in town, she likes suits with soft—"but never dressmakerish"—lines. She adores long bouffant dresses and gauzy saris for gala evenings (she wore the sari that she's photographed in to the opening of the opera this past season, and has owned, for years, about half-a-dozen just like it in other colours). In the country—and on the Bliss ranch in Montana, where she keeps a permanent summer wardrobe—Mrs. Bliss lives in pants and shirts, and a series of big bulky sweaters that she's picked up over the years here and abroad. Having little time for shopping has, if anything, sharpened her personal clothes convictions: she is quick and decisive about what she likes—little mink turbans; dresses with full, gathered skirts; what she calls "expensive colours"—*(Continued on page 113)*

On the preceding pages: Mrs. Bliss in one of the big shaggy sweaters she wears constantly in the country; and, at right, the blue and golden sari dress that she wore to the opening of the Opera this season. *This page:* Above, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss—and friends—at their country place in Locust Valley. In the large picture, Mrs. Bliss's Austrian find—a white Loden-cloth rain-cape, dashing in all kinds of country weather. Far right, another sweater from her far-flung collection. This is from Ireland, off-white, turtle-necked.





New dress fascination:

The crêpe's

progress

Know what we like? Hearing that a long-established favourite has become a smashing head-on success all over again, which is how the little crêpe dress stands in fashion now: not just good—knockout. They loved it in Paris, in New York; and starting here are seven good reasons why the wardrobe that's missing crêpe now is missing the point.

Left: Black dress idealized—skimmy little shift in firm black silk crêpe, loosely tied, with a rush of godets setting off a bias flare towards the hem. (Black-dress standards are set by dresses like this—all year long.) By Norman Norell. This, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Right: Crêpe in one of the colours, one of the shapes that are new and delighting now. Bias of pale-blue silk without a straight line anywhere (excepting, of course, the long boat neckline—which would look fairly irresistible across any little-dinner table this summer). By Nathan Strong, of Couture silk; about $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Lilly Daché's pale-blue hair bow—dabbed, like perfume, behind one ear.





The crêpe's progress

Left: Lilacs at dinner—et cetera. Crêpe overblouse and skirt, with a delicious new way of stirring up breezes on a dance floor—what floats is a blouse-long panel knotted on one shoulder. By Herbert Sondheim, in Onondaga crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon; about $90. Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. *Right:* Sketched in situ here, a little-dinner dress of petit-pois green, with a softly-full bias-cut skirt, and one of the prettiest décolletages ever tied in crêpe. By Larry Aldrich, in Onondaga crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon; about $70. Dress, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.



The crêpe's progress

Far left: Tissue-thin crêpe in a good-as-gold colour with a wrapped flare of skirt, and a wedge of bareness at the back. (Gold jewellery is one thought that leaps to mind in this context, and open, olive-green shoes aren't far behind.) Dress, by Rembrandt, in Chardon-Marché crêpe, of Celanese acetate and rayon; about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.

Centre: Black silk crêpe dress, slanted with welt seams, and string-tied—the kind of dress that starts being indispensable around lunchtime. And then goes on, and—with masses of glitter and pearls—on. By Maurice Rentner; about $125. This, at Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Frederick & Nelson. *Right:* Coffee-coloured crêpe (good, strong coffee, that is—no sugar, no cream); a sliver of dress, with a panelled overskirt, crushed and tied at the waist. By Adele Simpson, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon; about $125 at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; I Magnin. The straw sailor, by Sally Victor.

New cotton suit celebrities—

the world their oyster

Cotton suits—the kind we're talking about here—qualify in some ways as fashion sleepers. For years there was that other kind of faintly "immature" cotton suit—a staple, cool, tidy, indispensible, but about as worldly as a hamster. Everybody knew the *idea* was good, but for some curious reason the degree of fashion excitement, of direct, unmistakable chic that makes this year's cotton suit was, until recently, a sometime thing. Now, in our book, it's an all-time, all-star great, still brass-tacks practical, but wonderful to look at, too. And when we say the world is its bivalve, we mean just that—cotton travels about as easily as a wheel.

Left: Cardigan coat, getting the drop on a soft, belted sheath—both, shadow-checked in pale grey. The coat has deep side slits and short sleeves. By Herbert Sondheim of Pomezia cotton, about $160. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. The large black leghorn straw hat by Mr. Arnold. *Right:* Pale, shimmery Paisley dress and jacket in muted grey, beige, and sand; lashed with a sand-coloured belt. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; Supima cotton by Everfast with Everglaze crease-resistance; about $185, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Frost Bros. Lilly Daché hat. Kislav gloves. Eisenberg pin; Marcella Borghese's honey-coral lipstick, Principessa; both at Bonwit Teller.

KAREN RADKAI







New cotton celebrities

continued

Left: Pink (one of this year's international fashion messages) in a waffley cotton piqué costume that could come early, stay as late as September weather —an easy bare-top sheath, a three-quarter coat with a coolie edge of collar. By Ben Zuckerman; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Another pink message: the lipstick—Porcelain Pink, by Juliette Marglen. *Above:* Worldly suit that might be celebrated at dinner or theatre from now to early autumn. Short arched jacket and folded skirt of blue in a shade that could be described as postcard sky; the blouse is flower-printed silk—this idea continued by jacket lining. Suit by Adele Simpson, in Galey & Lord ottoman of Dacron and cotton; blouse of Onondaga silk. About $145. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume: Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Shortish white gloves by Fuchs. Lipstick: Camellia by Jacqueline Cochran.

KAREN RADKAI



Summer suits with a celebrated energy factor

The X-factor—invisible here—is Dacron. What it's energizing: cotton. The result is a crisp, cool fabric that steadfastly resists almost any temptation to wrinkle. All of which makes it a travel natural, whether it goes by suitcase or jets about in the wearing. On these and the following pages the energy blend appears in suits and dress-plus costumes. One point of the plus (a coat or a sweatery fling of jacket) : it takes a sleeveless dress where sleeveless dresses don't usually go—air-conditioned theatres, for instance, or naturally frigid cathedrals in Europe.

Sleek black dress, *left,* paired with a dashing plaid coat—for travel, for city wear starting right now. The coat might add to its supporting cast narrow dresses in red, orange, or bottle green. The slim black dress is sleeveless; the coat plaids red with blue and green. Both by Larry Aldrich in a Galey & Lord fabric of Dacron and cotton, treated with stain-repellent Scotchgard; about $160. Black and gilt earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Costume also: Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Hat by Lilly Daché. Stockings by Christian Dior-New York. Palizzio shoes. The lipstick, Orlane's new Or Brûlé. *Right, above:* Claret-and-black shadow plaid dress and jacket. The dress is unsleeved, the jacket—brief and boxy—has a stand-up ring collar faced in white. By Harvey Berin in a Galey & Lord fabric of Dacron and cotton; about $110. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. The black straw hat by Mr. Arnold. *Right, below:* Black and white checks, made out in triplicate: a cardigan jacket, an easy sleeveless put-over snugged down over a rush of pleats. By David Crystal in an Earl-Loom fabric of Dacron and cotton, about $40. Peck & Peck; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI









Suits with an energy factor *continued*

Dacron, doing its bit for cotton again in two calm seersucker suits, stripey and cool, to wear in town when the mercury sky-rockets; or for travel on any continent where it's summer.

Left: City suit, awash with taupe-and-white stripes. The curvy free-falling jacket is topped by a far-out ring collar. By Tiffeau & Busch in a Galey & Lord seersucker of Dacron and cotton; about $90. Straw toque by Christian Dior-New York. Both: Lord & Taylor. Suit also: Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; Bramson's.

Right: Two-directional stripes, grey and white on a crisp, worldly suit with wide-set collar and slim pipestem sleeves. By Hannah Troy in Galey & Lord seersucker of Dacron and cotton; about $70, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. The straw sailor by Sally Victor. On both pages: gloves by Superb.

KAREN RADKAI





More cotton suit celebrities

Far left: A fine sifting of pink and white checks on a narrow town suit, the jacket cropped short and tabbed with pockets near the hem. By Hannah Troy of woven cotton; about $90. The pin by Schreiner. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit also at Joseph Magnin. Pink sou'wester: Lilly Daché. *Near left:* Dark summer plaid, red and black—dress with a jacket that turns it into a suit. By Ben Barrack of cotton and silk, about $80. Pin by Brania. Sally V high white hat. All: Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. *Below:* The worldly cotton suit, pale, polished, creamy beige; to wear with a fling of chiffon scarf at the throat—here, brown chiffon hugely dotted in beige. By Adele Simpson of Pomezia cotton, about $125. White organdie beret by Christian Dior-New York; kidskin gloves by Van Raalte. All at Lord & Taylor. Suit also at Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Stripped little suit-shape, bared at the neck, uncomplicated, and just about as useful as money; the colour is a deep flower-red. This, by Jablow of Herbert Meyer cotton, about $100. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harold's. White roller by Sally Victor; white pigskin gloves by Superb.





KAREN RADKAI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The springy happiness of two hits on Broadway: the mass-appealing, human humour of Jean Kerr's comedy, *Mary, Mary,* with a cast of attractive people who never struggle against a morass of good, funny lines; the serious engrossment of *The Devil's Advocate,* Dore Schary's uneven dramatization of Morris L. West's good novel about a dying Jesuit tracking down a saint in Calabria after World War II. . . . More books in more libraries for more readers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The thoughtful abrasiveness of *No Further West,* a long essay about the United States by a young British novelist, Dan Jacobson, who threw away the cheap, easily-mined ore, the nonsense about freeways and electrical mixers, to drill a deeper, richer vein: "To Americanize any group of people is clearly a much tougher proposition than people generally care to admit; I don't see how it can be done unless this group of people inhabits a country much like America physically, and go through the same historical experience as the Americans, with the same recurring psychological and moral patterns. Unless, in fact, they go to America, they aren't going to be Americanized; and I suggest that whatever is happening to them be given a different name, in the interests both of clarity and amity."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The number of marvellous entries, some seventy, in the exhibition, "Ingres in American Collections," at New York's Paul Rosenberg Galleries. . . . *Don't Tell Alfred,* an amusing but confusing novel by Nancy Mitford, whose heroine, the wife of the English Ambassador to Paris, numbers among her afflictions her immediate predecessor (a character perhaps based partly upon Lady Diana Duff Cooper) who instead of leaving, hides out openly in an Embassy flat where she gives parties and plays at full volume a recording of the speeches of Sir Winston Churchill.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The song, "This World We Love In," hurled out by Mina, the lunging, twenty-year-old "Tigress of Cremona," the throb of Italian rock-and-rollers. . . . The lastingly delicious home-grown corn of *Gone With the Wind,* on view again with audiences waiting nervously for Gable to set Scarlett straight. . . . The pragmatic trend toward business meetings in such socially insular places as airport hotels. . . . The essays in *Look Back, Mrs. Lot!* by Ephraim Kishon whose direct wit runs quickly from its shot-dead targets.

LEE REMICK plays the tempestuous, tempting, once-too-often-tempted Temple Drake in *Sanctuary,* that simmering *pot-au-feu* that uses for stock two Faulkner novels, *Sanctuary* and *Requiem for a Nun,* changing the recipe by substituting for three unattractive Faulkner characters one attractive Yves Montand. Unlike Temple, of whom a suitor said, "she promises and she promises but she cometh not across," Miss Remick has been steadily coming across television and movie screens with clear impact since her middle teens. At thirteen, as the pre-débutante Miss Lee Ann Remick of New York, she was photographed for Vogue in her first long dress and her first smidgen of make-up. Her own natural colour scheme—honey-toned skin, honey-toned hair touched with red, and astonishing blue eyes—is singularly effective. With an adult sense of humour behind her child-woman look, Miss Remick is the well-adjusted wife of William Colleran, a television producer, and the mother of Kate, aged two. In the movies, she has rather consistently, always devastatingly, portrayed the wanton wife, her near-perfect conformation often enclosed by only a slip—in the Deep South (*The Long Hot Summer*), in the North Woods (*Anatomy of a Murder*). For *Sanctuary,* "All I had to learn," she said, her wide-open smile in action, "was to lie around with Yves Montand."



PENN





Sophie's clothes thinking:

"I don't go along with fashion I don't like."

Sophie, Saks Fifth Avenue's famous designer—who is, in private life, Mrs. Adam Gimbel—is a direct, attractive woman, tall and slender, with ash-blond hair and delicate features. In fashion, she is an independent who sticks to her own designing principles whatever the current fashion-mood may be; if she likes it, well and good—if not, she simply goes her own way, happily followed by an army of women who wear her clothes. Her principles, in essence, are: clothes should be feminine and becoming, should make women look well, and "should have some line to them." A woman who wears clothes extremely well herself, she reasons that if a fashion doesn't do anything for her, it isn't going to do much for any of her customers, either. She adores beautiful fabrics ("I'm fabric mad") and delicious colours; she is famous for charming, sophisticated town clothes and ravishing evening dresses, like the two on the following pages. Yet her first love was designing sports clothes for the kind of American outdoor life that she herself knows, enjoys, and leads a great deal of the time—since Mrs. Gimbel is, in her off hours, a crack golfer. Fifteen years ago she designed for her own use, for golf and country walks, a culotte—one that looked exactly like a skirt (unflinchingly feminine), but had the culotte advantages of comfort and not blowing about on windy days. In the intervening years, she had other versions of it made for herself, and a few were also custom-made for some of her friends. But this year, with culottes in the news, she decided to make it in green silk shantung and add a jacket, for one of the most attractive town suits in her spring collection. Then, a ready-to-wear edition was made (see below) with dramatic results—five hundred were sold in the first two days.

Sophie's famous culotte

At left, a 1961 sketch by Bouché of the original 1946 culotte, in navy-blue linen—worn by its designer, Sophie, herself. Only in this pose can you see that it *is* a culotte; otherwise it looks like a well-cut skirt. Now, the culotte, revived by Sophie for the sportswear department, is in navy-blue linen ($25), or grey wool flannel ($30), at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Right: Mrs. Gimbel on the golf course—as shown in Vogue in 1940, in her pre-culotte days. Then, she golfed in gabardine skirts, silk shirts dyed to match them, hand-knitted sweaters.



Sophie's sari tactics for short evenings

Slender and ring-waisted, Sophie (who is, in private life, Mrs. Adam Gimbel) has the entrancingly feminine figure of her own clothes-convictions—two examples shown here. Above, one of her new short evening saris, with—characteristically—a fitted bodice, fullish skirt. This, in gauzy pink and silver-coloured embroidery, has a filmy pink jacket with silvery edges.

Long evenings–
film and flowers

Long beige organza dress, with gold-threaded yellow flowers running around the bodice, drifting down the skirt—the kind of dress that could probably convince any woman wearing it that there wasn't a shred of competition in the room. Both dresses here, by Sophie; to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

"LOVE—IN OTHER WORDS"

BY HARPER LEE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here, for Vogue, is the first article ever written by Harper Lee, a shy young woman who has an engaging drawl, immense happy eyes, and, this year, the pleasure of having written an uncommon novel:* To Kill a Mockingbird. *Besides being good,* Mockingbird *is that literary* rara avis, *a first novel that sells. (In this country, it has sold more than half a million copies; abroad, it delighted the English and has been translated into German, French, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, and Italian. A pair of independent producers now has the movie rights.) Not unlike someone who might crop up in her own fiction, Nelle Harper Lee lives with her father and sister in a small Alabama town; they practise law, she writes. (A nonpractising lawyer, she studied a year after law school as a Fulbright scholar at Oxford, then worked a stretch as a reservations clerk for BOAC.)*

Many years ago an aging member of the House of Hanover, on learning that the duty of providing an heir to the throne of England had suddenly befallen him and his brothers, confided his alarm to his friend Thomas Creevey: "... It is now seven-and-twenty years that Madame St. Laurent and I have lived together; we are of the same age and have been in all climates, and in all difficulties together, and you may well imagine the pang it will occasion me to part with her.... I protest I don't know what is to become of her if a marriage is to be forced upon me...."

Amused by the Duke of Kent's predicament. Mr. Creevey recorded the incident in his diary and preserved for us a timeless declaration. The man who made it was not overly endowed with brilliance, nor had he led a noteworthy life, yet we remember his cry from the heart and tend to forget his ultimate service to mankind: he was the father of Queen Victoria.

What did the Duke of Kent tell us? That two people had shared their lives on a voluntary basis for nearly thirty years—in itself a remarkable achievement; that they had survived the fevers and frets of intimate relationship; that together they had met the pressures and disappointments of life; that he is in agony at the prospect of leaving her. In one graceful sentence, the Duke of Kent said all there is to say about the love of a man for a woman.

And in so saying, he tells us much about love itself. There is only one kind of love—love. But the different manifestations of love are uncountable:

At an unfamiliar night noise a mother will spring from bed, not to return until every corner of her domain is tucked safely round her anxiety. A man will look up from his golf game to watch a jet cut caterpillar tracks through the sky. A housewife, before driving to town, will give her neighbour a quick call to see if she wants anything from the store. These are manifestations of a power within us that must of necessity be called divine, for it is no invention of man.

What is love? Many things are like love—indeed, love is present in pity, compassion, romance, affection. What made the Duke of Kent's statement a declaration of love, and what makes us perform without second thought small acts of love every day of our lives, is an element conspicuous by its absence. Were it present, the Duke of Kent would have left his mistress without a pang; the sound barrier breaking over her head would not rouse the mother; sinking his putt would be the primary aim of the golfer; the housewife would go straight to the store with no thought of her neighbour. One thing identifies love and isolates it from kindred emotions: love admits not of self.

Few of us achieve compassion; to some of us romance is a word; in many of us the ability to feel affection has long since died; but all of us at one time or another—be it for an instant or for our lives—have departed from ourselves: we have loved something or someone. Love, then, is a paradox: to have it, we must give it. Love is not an intransitive thing—love is a direct action of mind and body.

Without love, life is pointless and dangerous. Man is on his way to Venus, but he still hasn't learned to live with his wife. Man has succeeded in increasing his life span, yet he exterminates his brothers six million at a whack. Man now has the power to destroy himself and his planet: depend upon it, he will—should he cease to love.

The most common barriers to love are greed, envy, pride, and four other drives formerly known as sins. There is one more just as dangerous: boredom. The mind that can find little excitement in life is a dying one; the mind that can not find something in the world that attracts it is dead, and the body housing it might as well be dead, for what are the uses of the five senses to a mind that takes no pleasure in them?

Having at long last realized that he must love or destroy himself, man is proceeding along his usual course by trying to evolve a science for it. The ultimate aim of psychoanalysis, when its special brand of semantics is put to rout, is to release man from his neuroses and thus enable him to love, and man's capacity to love is measured by his degree of freedom from the drives that turn inward upon him. As one holds down a cork to the bottom of a stream, so may love be imprisoned by self: remove self, and love rises to the surface of man's being.

With love, all things are possible.

Love restores. We have heard many tales of love's power to heal, and we are skeptical of them, for we are human and therefore prone to deny the existence of things we do not understand and can not explain. But this tale happened:

On an August evening in a tiny Southern hospital, an old man lay dying. His family had been summoned, among them his eldest grandson, a boy of sixteen. The boy's relationship with his grandfather had been a curious, almost wordless one, as such things often are between man and man. All that day the boy said nothing. It seemed that he could not talk. He would not wait out the old man's dying with the rest of his family in the hospital lobby; instead, the boy found a chair and stationed himself in the corridor beside his grandfather's door, where he sat all day, oblivious to the starched scurryings of hospital routine. Late in the evening the family's doctor found the boy still sitting, still silent. The doctor said, "Go home, son. There's nothing you can do for your grandfather." The boy took no notice of him, and the doctor went into the room only to emerge moments later, looking bewildered. "Er—son," said the doctor. The boy looked up. "He's asking for something to eat. He's better." Showing no sign of surprise, the boy nodded: "I reckoned it was about time he was hungry," he said, his first utterance of the day. Then he picked up the chair, put it back where he found it, and walked down the corridor, stretching his lanky frame and yawning. "Where are you going, boy?" called the doctor. "To get him a hamburger," answered the boy. "He likes hamburgers."

There is no satisfactory explanation for extrasensory perception—it simply is. There was no rational explanation for the old man's recovery—it simply happened. One may only wonder.

Love transforms. Why is it that the quotation we are seeking, when we can't find it in the Bible or in Shakespeare, most often turns up in *Don Quixote?* Because Cervantes, from sheer love of life, made the nuances of life immortal. Why, when we are familiar with every line, must we still stop and listen when "The Messiah" is playing? Because every note was born of a man's love for his God, and we hear it. Try this experiment: catch (if you can) someone who loathes baroque music; play for him any part of *Semele*, then sit back and watch his polite attention turn to compulsive attention—see your captive become Handel's captive. Avarice never wrote a good novel; hate did not paint "The Birth of Venus"; nor did envy reveal to us that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides. Every creation of man's mind that has withstood the buffeting of time was born of love—love of something or someone. It is possible even to love mathematics.

The history of mankind contains innumerable testaments to the power of love, but none touches the transformation undergone by the otherwise cantankerous St. Paul when he addressed himself to the subject: loving, he wrote of love itself, and he gave us a miracle. Listen:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

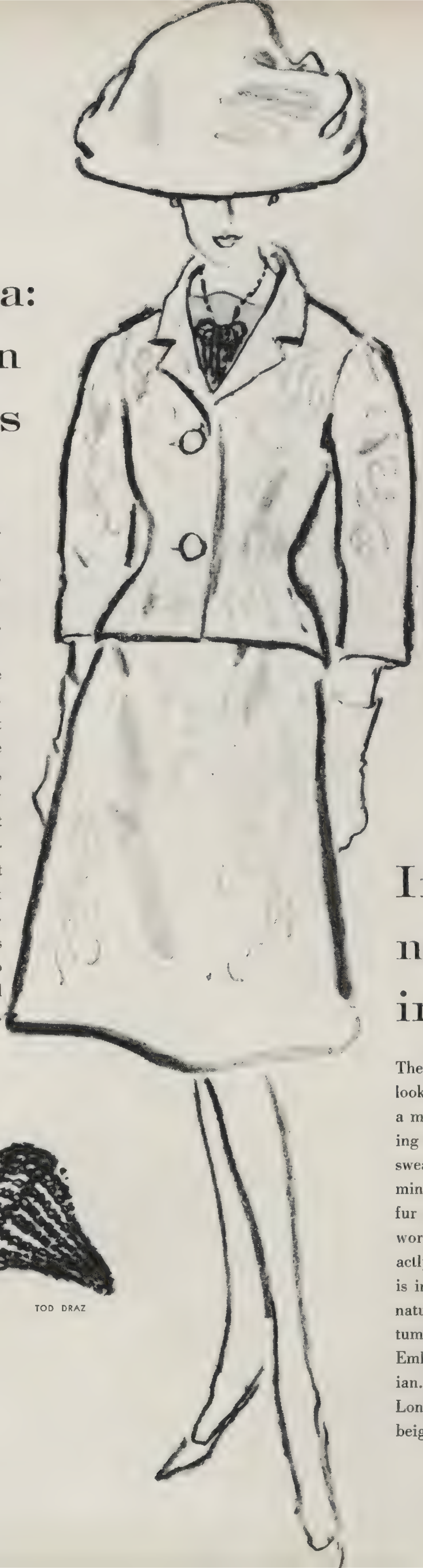
"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. . . ."

After St. Paul, we have done our best, but our best has never come near him.

Love purifies. Suffering never purified anybody; suffering merely intensifies the self-directed drives within us. Any act of love, however—no matter how small—lessens anxiety's grip, gives us a taste of tomorrow, and eases the yoke of our fears. Love, unlike virtue, is not its own reward. The reward of love is peace of mind, and peace of mind is the end of man's desiring.

At Balenciaga: new mutation in suit shapes

This news is so simple, we can tell it to you in half-a-dozen words: it curves in, it curves out. It doesn't, by any means, signify a full-tilt Balenciaga revolution—his famous, loose-bodied, unfitted suits still exist, as superb and structurally dazzling as ever. But this—Balenciaga's fitted suit, with its softly widened shoulders, nippy young waist, and its gentle outflow of skirt—was the surprise of his collection. (Not that Balenciaga didn't provide endless other-delights; there were the magnificent evening dresses, stately with embroidery; the beguilingly pretty day dresses, wrapped and tied at the waist; the always superb Balenciaga colours—smouldery pinks, pungent greens, and a bracing stream of black and white; and there was the steady unblinking deliciousness of the jewel-ideas—such as the jet heart-throb of a clip shown twice here.) Matelassé suit and orange overblouse in America: I. Magnin.





TOD DRAZ

In fur: new mutation in mink

The newest mink around is the one you're looking at—an offhand little cardigan in a melting sky-beige colour called Morning Light, fastened with lots of little sweater-buttons, and hedged with darker mink. Its first appearance here is in little-fur form—just significant enough to be worn evenings as well as days, and exactly the size that's as loved in May as it is in December. Of "Morning Light," a natural blue-beige mink, edged in "Autumn Haze," a natural brown mink, both Emba mutations. Jacket from Maximilian. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Long beige gloves by Kislav. Brown and beige plaid silk roller, by Mr. Arnold.

KAREN RADKAI



MAX ERNST

THE SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD EXPERIMENTER WHO HAS MOVED FROM DADA THROUGH SURREALISM TO STATUS OF MASTER.

In 1925, Max Ernst, then a thirty-four-year-old German painter living in France, found a way to intensify his "mind's powers of irritability." Now the successes of that process are at New York's Museum of Modern Art until May 7 before going on exhibition at The Art Institute of Chicago on June 16. Organized by William S. Lieberman, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the Modern, the exhibition of one hundred and forty-five paintings, plus drawings, prints, collages, and sculpture, is tumultuous and exhaustive in its survey of his transitions from a founder of the Dada movement, through the dreams and enigmas of Surrealism, with long passages of realism, heightened by a curious violence into non-realism. Some of the paintings, as crowded as the garret of the Collier brothers, contain so many jigsaw details that they properly need intense looking, not just for understanding but for more pleasure. Among the loaded paintings are "The Eye of Silence," with its bemused white magic, although the major colour is Ernst green, its wondrous cliffs set with blue eyes, its trees transformed candlesticks.

Although some half dozen writers have written monographs on Ernst, no one has given the full measure of his mind, its inventiveness, its delight in non-reason, its cloudy depths, and its humour, as he has in *An Informal Life of M.E. as told by himself to a young friend.*

HERE ARE EXCERPTS FROM THAT "INFORMAL LIFE":

1891: *First contact with the sensible world: On the second of April at* 9:45 A.M. *Max Ernst hatched from the egg which his mother had laid in an eagle's nest and over which the bird had brooded for seven years.*

It happened in Brühl, six miles south of Cologne. There Max grew up and became a beautiful child. Although marked by some dramatic incidents, his childhood was not particularly unhappy.

In Cologne, at the time of Diocletian, eleven thousand virgins had surrendered their lives rather than their chastity. Their gracious skulls and bones embellish the walls of the convent church in Brühl, the very same place where little Max was forced to spend the most boring hours of his childhood. It may be that their companionship was helpful.

The geographic, political, and climatic conditions of Cologne as a city are perhaps propitious to the creation of fertile conflicts *(Continued on page 106)*

"EUCLID," *opposite*, one of the less crowded and most beautiful of the paintings by Max Ernst, only has a face on a reversed pyramid, a fur hat with two white roses that at certain angles might be a bird and a human profile, two fish, and a garden airplane trap, plus a fur coat, all against a curving checkered background. To Patrick Waldberg, author of a major Ernst biography, this special painting seemed to be "in the middle of Lewis Carroll's garden chessboard . . . the very moment the Queen says to Alice, 'when you arrive at the eighth square, you will be Queen!' " With that Waldberg, Ernst and Euclid are caught in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass.*



COLLECTION, MR. AND MRS. J. DE MENIL

"Euclid," an imagined portrait, 1945, by Max Ernst



Blue, white, pink, Ernst's Gothic profile against a detail of the easel painting in the studio.

In his reformed farmhouse studio, Ernst, with painting on easel

MAX ERNST *continued*

At Huismes, a village about two hundred miles from Paris in the Loire countryside that is the true image of *douce France,* the Ernsts live and paint. Flowers surround their remodelled farmhouse. In his rather austere studio the Ernst "creations, seem the materializations of an alchemist's search"; for his "paintings and the still expression of his eyes," gave to one visitor the feeling that Ernst had studied the mysteries of the Kabala. Bought in 1955 with the money he received for winning first prize at the twenty-seventh Biennale in Venice in 1954, the farmhouse, *Le Pin Perdu,* contains the studio. When these photographs were taken, the important painting on the easel, *above,* was the one called "Tomb of the Poet: After Me Comes Sleep," a line of poetry by Paul Eluard, who had been a great friend of Max Ernst ever since their first meeting in 1921 in Cologne. Although the Ernsts for a month or two visit their house at Sedona, in the Arizona desert, they live for most of the year at Huismes —quiet, beautiful, flowers in the vases, fruit and wine on the table, birds in the air, distilling for him the essence of life and art.



Dorothea Tanning, a distinguished painter for years, Mrs. Ernst for fifteen.

Natural still life with fruit and wine.



Black *dash* white

Current views, here, of the black-and-white idea, a formula so quick and appealing that headlines are made of it—as well as some of the best new looks this summer: the lengthiest overblouses; tunic effects; blousing; straight stemmy bodices attached to skirts that go varoom. And, while black-and-white worn with more of the same is famously satisfying, consider too a single spot of no-colour colour—tortoise beads, mocha gloves, a bag the colour of Dijon mustard.
Left: **Spirally cotton stripes settled way, way down on a skirt of Moygashel linen. Stripes in another direction: silk ones cowling the neckline. By B.H. Wragge; about $55. Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mannequin shoes. Kidskin gloves by Grandoe.**

SANTE FORLANO

Black and white in equal amounts, one piece. The look of a longer-than-hip-length tunic, bloused around the waist is pure '61. But the freshness is practically historic—built into black-and-white at the loom and dye stage probably. By Teal Traina, in textured silk; about $110. Henri Bendel; Himelhoch's; Bramson's; I. Magnin. Dawnelle kidskin gloves. Delman shoes. Both pages: Uncle Sam umbrellas; hats by Mr. John.

Black *dash* white

Summer day's worth of polka dots. (We're not being rigid about it—clearly there are offhand summer evenings just waiting for this kind of black-and-white breeze to spring up; at which time, a pair of ribbony cognac sandals might go in for the opera pumps shown here.) By Nelly Don, in Arnel jersey; about $20. Stern's; Carson Pirie Scott; Frost Bros. Mr. John hat.



Dotty and delicious way to look on a summer evening that could (really should, we feel) include dancing. Black-and-white Swiss cotton with a long slivery bodice, and a deliriously pretty flounce of skirt. By Tina Leser, about $60. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Capezio sandals. Emme hat—one perfect rose. On both of these pages: earrings by Richelieu; black kidskin gloves by Viola Weinberger.

SANTE FORLANO

Black *dash* white

This year's T-dress coming up right, and the timing is perfect: 4/15, under coats, isn't a day too soon for rangy little black-and-white jerseys like this. With it, here, black hat, black gloves—which shouldn't discourage anyone from thinking in terms of straw-coloured straw, and long russety kidskin gloves. By Jamison, of Arnel jersey; about $25. Peck & Peck; Neusteters; I. Magnin.





Scribbly black-and-white silk in two blousing parts—the top is elasticized at the waist, the skirt billows in the usual way. Not that it needs re-saying, but still: a sleeveless black linen overblouse would look charming with this skirt, and the blouse would do nicely with a narrow black linen skirt. By Ellen Brooke, top and skirt, each about $25. Napier earrings. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress at Hudson's; Harzfeld's. Kidskin gloves by Wear-Right. Both pages: Emme hats; Mannequin shoes.

SANTE FORLANO



How knitting can swim— two shapeways

Knitted swimming suits, here, showing two ways their shapes are taking—the sleek neo-tank suit that hugs the figure, the easier middy-like suit that skims it.

Left: For swimmers who want to have their shape and ease it too—a suit with trim trunks and a semi-fitted tunic, slightly bloused over a belt. The top, brown and white plaid knitted cotton; trunks of cotton knitted with Lastex. The suit by Elisabeth Stewart; about $23 at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Right: Black maillot with a snug shape that's adroitly knitted in—no cutting or sewing happened here. The brassière-line is shallow and soft: at the back there's a low V. By Darlene, of elasticized Ban-Lon knitted fabric of Du Pont nylon. About $18 at Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's; Dayton's. Sunglasses at Kobley & Stern.

WILLIAM BELL

SANTE FORLANO



The triumph of flowers and chiffon—

in Paris and America

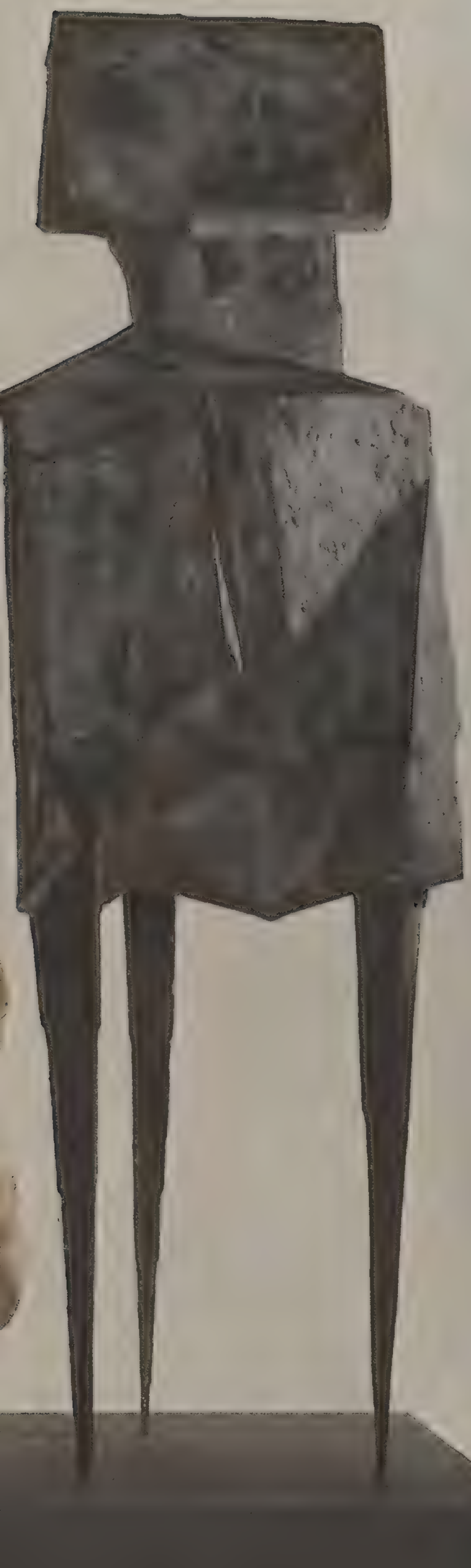




Show-stoppers at Dior: the four delicious garden-party chiffon dresses that swept in all together, all afloat and aflutter in a wash of colour, light, and movement, as the audience dissolved into cheers—and, our own editor reported, "sighs of pure joy." From left to right, these lovelies are named "Jardin d'Italie," "Jardin Anglais," "Jardin d'Espagne," and "Jardin de Paris"; each consists of an under-dress of flowered silk with one or more overlays of cloud-sheer flowered chiffon; each was shown with a huge hat of coloured baku straw. All four dresses imported by I. Magnin. "Jardin Anglais" by Hattie Carnegie. "Jardin d'Espagne" copy, by Nanty, at Bergdorf Goodman; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Shoes, on both pages: Roger Vivier for Dior.

WILLIAM KLEIN





THE MEKKO— A BRIGHT NEW FIGURE MAKING THE FASHION SCENE

The mekko, a shifty little dress from Finland, appears here in five brilliant variations propped sassily among the bold, webbed shapes of Lynn Chadwick's sculpture. At the left, working model of "The Watchers," brooding, satyric figures in cement and plaster, exhibited recently in New York at the Knoedler Gallery's show of new works by this distinguished British sculptor. Below, Chadwick's "Black Beast" in bronze, fiercely monumental, mounted here by a pint-sized figure riding bareback in a pint-sized saffron mekko. All the clothes are made of sturdy, country cotton in Helsinki by Armi and Viljo Ratia, a husband and wife team with a taste for uninhibited colours, a talent for silk-screening. In America for the first time this year, the mekko has the stripe of quick fashion rapport with the beach, terrace, and garden life that's swinging into action this month.



WILLIAM BELL

Dresses, left to right, in colour: Sleeveless sundress in red and purple checks; $28. Orange-yellow striped hat. Jumperish dress of magenta, rust, orange stripes; $26. Magenta-dot scarf. Nightshirt shift with sleeves, magenta-pink stripes; $30. Orange-dot hat. *Above:* Yoked dress, awning stripes of magenta and amber; $24. Child's dress and hat of orange and yellow stripes; both for $17. Shift with low fullness, beige and brown harp-string stripes; $28.
All clothes are made by Marimekko of Finland; at the Design Research, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



NIELS BOHR, the greatest living physicist, the genius who won the Nobel Prize in 1922 for his investigation of the structure of atoms and their radiations, lives in Copenhagen in a beautiful castle in the midst of the Carlsberg Brewery. By the will of the Brewery's founder, the castle is for the use of the greatest Dane; for twenty-eight years Professor Bohr and his wife have lived there. Called by C. P. Snow "the Socrates of atomic science," Professor Bohr is seventy-five, a gentle, cultivated man with a noble face and white hair. He speaks slowly, deliberately, wisely about world literature, paintings, music, poetry, his ideas clear as windowpanes, his hands busy with kitchen matches to light his pipe. (In a two-hour conversation he used up a boxful, never drew a breath of smoke.) During the first three years of the Nazi Occupation of Denmark, he remained in residence, arranging the escape of refugee scientists. He got them all out. The night before the Nazis came to arrest and send him to Germany, he escaped in a small fishing boat to Sweden, his journey ending at Los Alamos, New Mexico, with the Bomb. Since his return to Denmark and his laboratory in 1945, he has refused to work in any way with atomic energy. Last summer in talking about the challenge to civilization of "placing formidable means of destruction in the hands of man," he said, "The whole thing is a problem of common sense and politics."

STEPHAN HURWITZ is the first Ombudsman in Danish history, "grievance man" for the country. A handsome, sixty-year-old Professor of Criminology, an authority recognized all over the world, Dr. Hurwitz with his staff, operating from a small, attractive office in the eighteenth-century section of the Parliament Building, sees that no person within the state administration makes unreasonable or arbitrary decisions or is in any way guilty of mistakes or negligence in the performance of his duties. Above party, independent of the government, the Ombudsman listens to and acts only on grievances that are non-political. Any Dane may ask the Ombudsman to investigate a complaint as long as the matter is less than a year old and the complainant signs his name. About a thousand or more a year do so. So important is this work that the highest salary in the government goes to the Ombudsman.



PORTRAITS BY
HANS HAMMARSKIÖLD

"MEN OF THE NORTH"

Six attractive men of great power, a scientist, a legal administrator, an expert in design, a foreign affairs expert, an architect, and a film director, all known internationally, all famous in their own countries – Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. By Allene Talmey



HERMAN O. GUMMERUS, a great influence on design in Finland, is the Managing Director of the Finnish Society of Arts and Crafts and Industrial Design, flies around Scandinavia and the Continent judging innumerable design exhibitions—he was a judge at Milan's important 1960 Triennale Design Exhibition. It is almost a requirement of many design exhibitions that Gummerus be a judge or a juror. A strikingly dashing man who looks like an English diplomat *en poste* in Helsinki, he spent much of his boyhood in Italy where his father, a Finnish diplomat, was stationed. (Later, Gummerus studied in France, England, and the United States.) A former journalist, facile in six languages, he has explained in various articles that the easy, international acceptance of Finland's designs comes from the recognition of the deep Finnish feeling for materials, for putting beauty into utilitarian objects—pottery jugs, glass, ovenware casseroles, stainless steel pans and pots—all of them with clean lines. He once added that the Finns have an "innate sense of the usefulness of the seemingly useless."

FINN MOE, one of the most important members of Norway's dominant Labour Party and Chairman of Parliament's Foreign Relations Committee, is a small powerful man with the gift of immediate communication. Wherever a low-voiced, attractive man with a high forehead, blue eyes, and an apparent relaxation is needed, Finn Moe gets the nod. Former Norwegian Ambassador to the United Nations, he began his service with that organization in 1946 as Advisor to the Secretary-General, continued it at many sessions of the General Assembly as chairman of the Norwegian Delegation. Everyone knows Moe. Polygamously, his career embraces politics, broadcasting, and newspaper work. In his fifty-eight years, Ambassador Moe has kept them all happy, partly because he does not desert them. For eleven years before the Nazis took over Norway in 1940, he was foreign editor of the Oslo newspaper, *Arbeiderbladet,* a job he returned to and has kept since 1949. From 1940 to 1943, he directed the Norwegian Broadcasting Service in New York, then moved to London for two years as Advisor to the Norwegian Foreign Ministry until the end of World War II, and four years later was elected to Parliament. His hand in foreign affairs, his voice occasionally heard on the Oslo radio, Finn Moe is an expert on the stratagems of international politics.

HANS HAMMARSKIOLD





SVEN MARKELIUS, the internationally famous Swedish architect, one of the group of consultants on the United Nations Building in New York, is a serene, white-haired man with a thin, rather melted face, a hesitant voice, positive opinions, and a habit of rolling around in his fingers a piece of green Plasticine. As head of the Stockholm City Planning Commission, he worked out a new complex of five buildings by five non-allied architects in order to have harmonious grouping with similarity but without sameness. (All the buildings are of aluminum and glass, with slight differentiations of colour—the one by Markelius has a light grey-green pattern under aluminum strips.) For the experimental suburb, Vällingby, six miles from Stockholm, he helped plan its working-living sections with plazas and houses on the inside, almost all traffic on the outside. Markelius wants to give people space, but to give space human proportions.

CARL DREYER, the only living Old Master of films, recognized all over the world for *Jeanne d'Arc*, *The Vampire*, *Day of Wrath*, and *The Word*, lives in a compact, faceless apartment in Copenhagen with green plants climbing around like undisciplined children. Now, about seventy-five, his hair white, his face quite young, his mind bitter and brilliant, he yearns over his four-hundred-page script for his projected movie, *The Life of Jesus*, with its analogies to the Nazi Occupation of Denmark, its likeness of the resistance men to the Biblical Zealots. He wrote it in 1949 in Independence, Missouri, where he was a guest of Blevins Davis who introduced him to President Truman. "Only the young," he said, recently, "can do a movie, the *first* movie, for no money." Instead of producing this movie, he spends his time with his family, reading his books of French and English, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian plays, adding more Eugene O'Neill volumes to his collection, seeing a few movies, and those preferably violent ones, perhaps American; he especially admires Kazan's direction of some of the Tennessee Williams movies. In fact, he likes a moral basis for terror, has always been a moral thunderer in his ageless films. To him, "the director alone can give a film a face—his own."

HANS HAMMARSKIOLD







Little girls: brighter all the time

After one of the most bundled-up winters anyone can remember, little girls are emerging in bright crocus-colours, freshened with lots of white. (How it looks—rather like crocuses popping up through the snow—is shown on these four pages.) Little girls seem to be getting brighter all the time in all other respects, too, as many a cross-questioned-to-shreds mother can testify. They have FBI-like powers of observation, a flair for accurate, pithy reporting. An eight-year-old girl we know, asked to describe a new house that she had visited, said, "Oh, you know—it's one of those hasty modern houses." Another child remarked, of one of her parents' most reliable extra-men-for-parties: "He has a rather faded smile." In the same clear-eyed tradition was Caroline Kennedy's famous communiqué to the White House press corps, when asked what her father was doing: "He's just sitting up there with his shoes and socks off, doing nothing."



Far left: Three bright embroidered flowers—orange, blue, and pink—on the yoke of a white cotton dress; the rest, multicoloured polka-dots as big as lollipops. By Joseph Love. Sizes 3-6X. About $6. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.
Left: On a white petit-point cotton piqué dress, orange, yellow, blue, and green flowers; by R. A. R. Moppets. Sizes 3-6X, about $8; sizes 7-14, about $9. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.
Right: Red-and-white checked cotton gingham dress, white collar and cuffs; fresh white cotton lawn pinafore, eyelet embroidery. By Suzy Brooks. Sizes 3-6X, about $11. Macy's; Meier & Frank.
Far right: Enchanting dress of red-and-white dotted Swiss plaid cotton, with inverted box pleats, a small organdie collar. By Ruth Originals, in sizes 3-6X; about $9. At Bonwit Teller; L. Strauss.

JÉRÔME DUCROT



Further notes for bright little girls

Some of the things that bright little girls know, or might like to know if they don't already:

That French is something you can learn from a Scotch nurse, if she can switch on a record-player. "Let's Sing Songs in French," (Cabot 4101) teaches a scrap of French—with an impeccable accent—by means of gay little French songs like *Le Pètit Navire.*

That artist's-supply houses and Japanese shops have wonderful new mixtures of crayons and pastels; combine with a really good big sketch pad.

That Monopoly is a mad revival in the seven-to-ten set—although girls who want to stand well with their slightly older brothers will, regrettably, have to learn poker.

That Jacks is back.

That little girls, tired of hearing grownups quote from *Winnie Ille Pu,* can counter by learning "The Cow Jumped Over the Moon" in Latin—as follows:

"Heu! Iter didilum
Felis cum fidulum
Vacca transluit lunam.
Caniculus ridet
Cuum talem videt
Et dish ambulavit cum spoonam."

Far left: A clear streak of colour on white—red ribboning front and centre on a white cotton piqué dress. By R. A. R., in sizes 7-14; about $8. At Altman's; Hutzler's. *Left:* White cotton piqué dress, dashingly trimmed with navy-blue rickrack, multicoloured braid. By Kate Greenaway, in sizes 3-6X; about $5. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. *Right:* All-over blue print on a white cotton dress with blue rickrack, blue sash. By Cinderella, in sizes 3-6X; $4. Sizes 7-14; $5. Arnold Constable; Julius Garfinckel. *Far right (below):* Cornflower-blue cotton broadcloth dress, tucked, with a white collar; cotton batiste apron. By Mary Jane, in Springmaid fabrics. Sizes 3-6X; $12. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.

JÉRÔME DUCROT



TAHITI

The sounds, the colours, the sights, including pretty girls on bicycles

The sounds of Tahiti begin with the sound of its capital, Papeete, pronounced Pa-pé-é-té. Music all the time, everywhere—at the airport, in cars, at cafés, along fresh rivers where Tahitians bathe, instead of on the coral beaches—all night long Tahitians sing and play on their coconut ukuleles and guitars. The constant sound of French, Tahitian, and Chinese, with only a little English. The sound of the intimate French "tu" instead of the more formal "vous"—the immediate bridge to friendliness. Tahitian words, mostly vowels; *Iaorana,* the native "hello," which some say comes from the English, "Your Honour"; this goes for many other words: butter—*pata;* matches—*mati;* broom—*broomu;* hammer—*hammara;* frying pan—*fry-pan;* rabbit—*rapeti;* watch—*wati.* The feathery ironwood trees singing in the wind. The happy noise of girls giggling. The blurred echoes of the market. The shuffle of thonged rubber flats. The whirring of motorcycles. The Pacific waves breaking against the encircling reefs; in early morning, soft as a hiss, growing louder as the sun climbs. Cocks crowing. Latin rhythms beating along the water front from cafés—canned by day but live by night. The soft *bonjours, bonsoirs* tossed to strangers, like bouquets; even by policemen, tipping their stiff French *kepis.* The sudden silence as the city comes to a standstill from 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.; streets deserted, shops closed, everyone eating and sleeping; in *(Continued on next page)*

Tahitian poster, *right.* Map and Cook portrait *below;* Mooréa's lovely Cook's Bay is named for Captain James Cook.

1. Three island charms: music; flower-crowns; the local beer, *Hinano.*
2. Papeete's water front—pretty girls on bicycles.
3. Mooréa's green bay.
4. Mrs. Nicholas G. Rutgers, daughter of the late James Norman Hall, co-author of *Mutiny on the Bounty,* in her house.
5. Madame Pierre Briffe, wearing a local *pareu,* sitting on the terrace with her two daughters.
6. Monet-blue waters.
7. Direct coconut shadows, the sign of midday.
8. On Mooréa, the calm of Cook's Bay; skyline as sharp as broken glass.
9. High noon, a lonely main street at Papeete.
10. Twilight feast at the Hotel Aimeo; forty flower-crowns on a pole.
11. Huddle of huts at the new Tiki Tapu Hotel.
12. Dancing by the light of lit coconut branches.
13. Fruited table—mangos, papaya, bananas, coconut milk, star apples, with a garland of white *plumeria* flowers and red hibiscus.

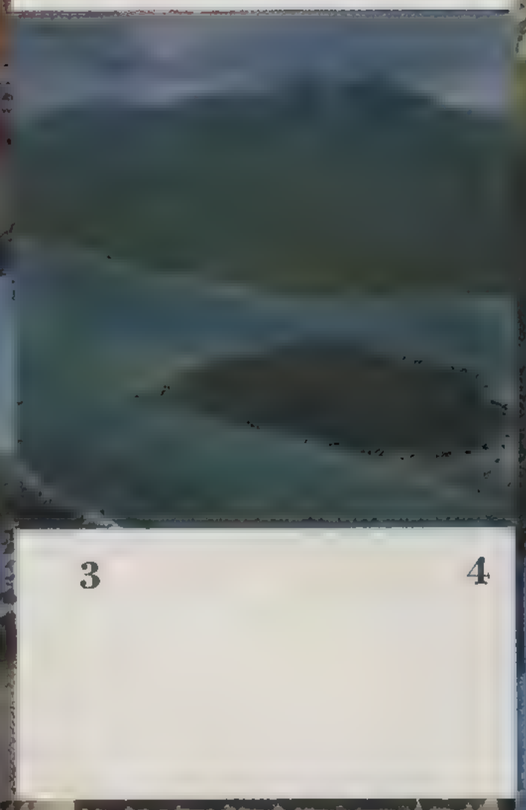




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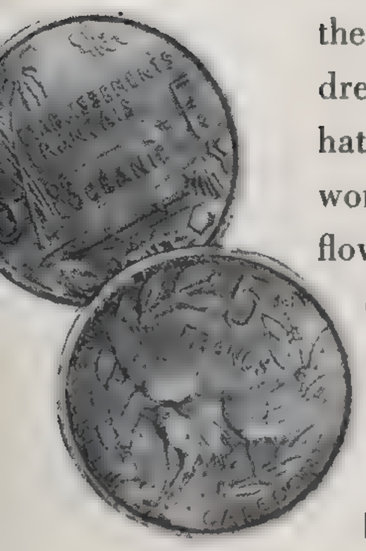
13

SYLVAIN



TAHITI *(Continued from page 94)* schools, pupils rest their heads on wooden desk tops. The quiet of the city at 11:30 at night, after night clubs close, barmaids hurrying out the customers by banging wooden stools on table tops. Like a loud, final chord, the streaking roar of motorcycles heading out of town to the big bamboo night club, Lafayette's, open from 11:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. Nobody under eighteen allowed in.

The colours of Tahiti begin with green. Its green heap spreads out like a gathered skirt, the valleys like deep creases Rembrandt might have painted. Everywhere red steeples, sharp as spears, on white churches with colonial-arched windows. The mother-of-pearl grey of the lagoon early in the morning; in sunshine, like Monet's great paintings. Along the sea, grey fishing nets drying on trees like tired wedding veils. Gentle, enchanting—not necessarily beautiful—the Tahitian girls, their skin the colour of melted bronze; their silky fall of hair rather like black stoles. In printed cottons, red, green, blue, orange, yellow, with a flower in their hair, they bicycle past early in the morning as though off to early dinner parties. They usually buy one new dress a week, for $3; it is their only expense, as they wear no stockings, gloves, hats, coats. Flowers are their jewellery. On their feet, thong sandals. The old women are all in black with black-brimmed hats. Men with wreaths of shell flowers on their beige pandanus hats, a flower over an ear; they are superb dancers, slender and thin-hipped, like flamenco dancers. Enormous flowering trees; alleys of pink acacias. Pink mangoes hanging as if by a thread.



Walls of purple, yellow, red bougainvillias. Dark brown coconuts that seem sewn on tree trunks, banded with aluminum shining in the sun—protection against rats. Breadfruit leaves, shiny and fakey, looking like green felt. The curve of colour like enormous swatches on the water front, the blues of the Tony A. Bambridge building, the grey block of Donald Tahiti, the big department store, selling the latest appliances; The French Marine Building, Burgundy-red with white, flying the French flag. Nuns in white, wearing white pith helmets, herding crocodiles of straggling school children in navy-blue uniforms. French sailors in white T-shirts and shorts, their officers in long whites. Night crowns of flowers, worn by everyone, men, women, the locals, the off-islanders—usually white flowers, perhaps with one red hibiscus in front. At night, the ruby-red lights of motorbikes doing fifty. In the lagoon, the firefly sparkle of fishing-boats. Stars seem incredibly close, like lowered lamps.



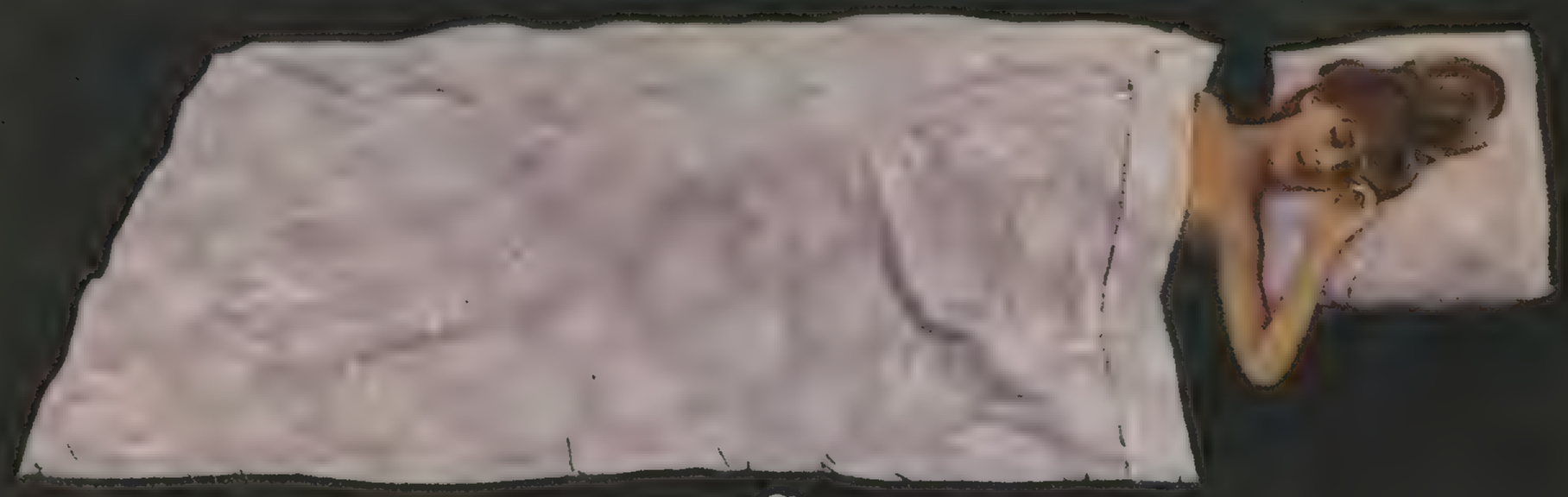
The sights of Tahiti begin, but never end. The famous water front only covers a few blocks. There, slicked yachts, some from such ports as San Diego and Seattle, tie up alongside cruise ships, freighters, and fishing boats, the fishermen working a production line unloading *(Continued on page 108)*

Colour smash—dialogue of reds and yellows

This international dialogue of colour—from Hong Kong to Mexico—centres on this red Danish cone chair and the beauty within it. Here are new materials for curtains, slip covers, wall-coverings, and carpeting, with the fresh attraction of using plaids all over the place against varied patterns. Naturally, the plaids should be used adroitly; a good deal of the charm of the palette here lies in the contrasts of texture. Chairs covered in Scottish wool tartan, for example, are excellent with walls of rough red burlap. Bouquets on glazed chintz, or floral Belgian linen, bloom happily beside strong-striped red nylon. Soft as yellow peach skin, the English chenille accents the glow of yellow, mauve, and pink pansies on glossy wallpaper. Thin Hong-Kong silk falls like blown glass beside pink-and-orange Mexican plaid. For floor reflections, perhaps, magenta wool carpeting, orange-coloured sisal from the Netherlands, yellow vinyl tiling, or the shaggy rug in red, purple, and black, copied from a Finnish original. (For details see page 110.)

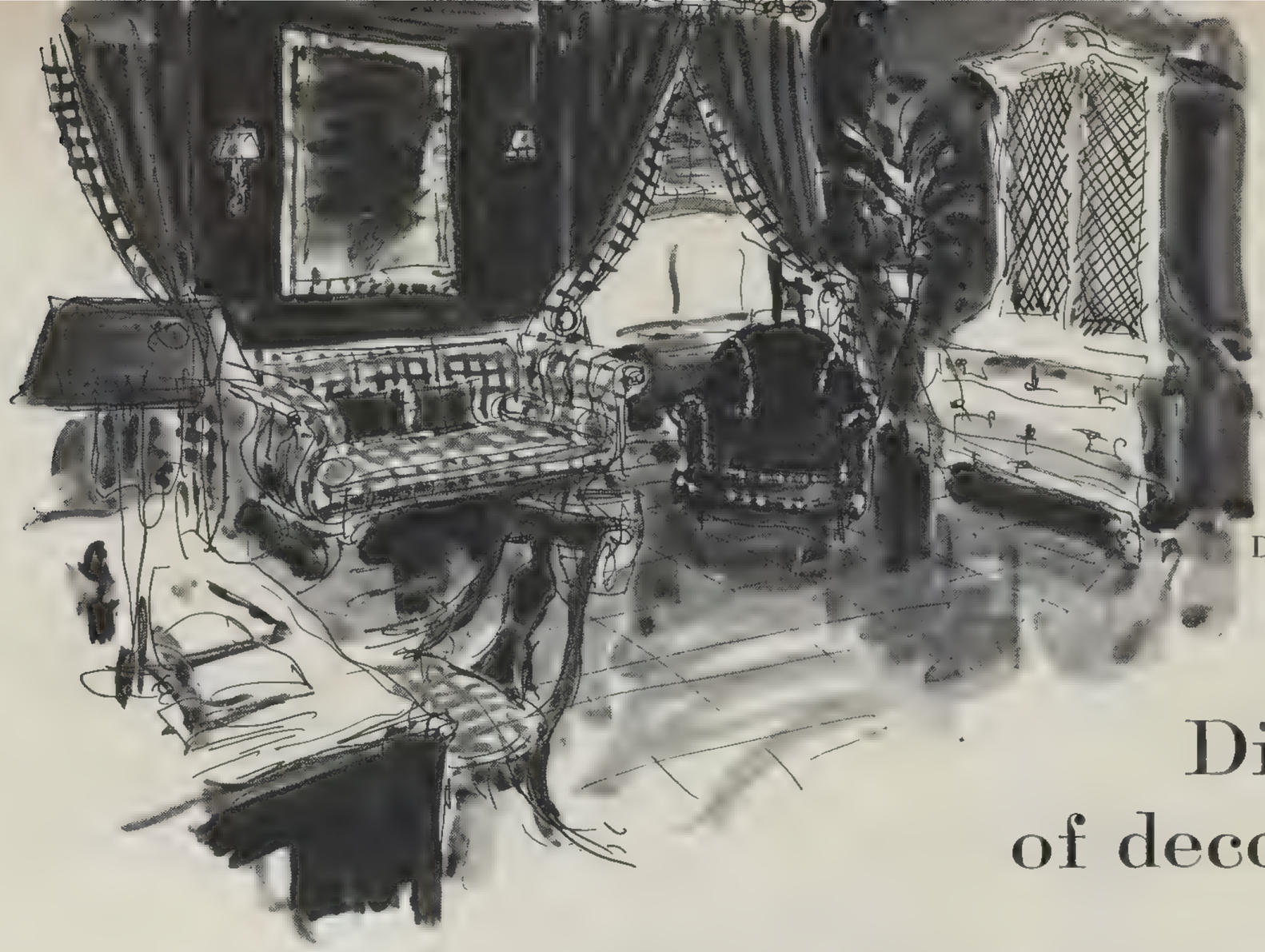
HORST

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



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Your Royal Lace sheets say yes! Springmaid Fashion Sheets, of course. In prints, stripes, pastels and whitest white. From $2.98 to $6. Shown, Royal Lace, twin size, $4.50. At better stores everywhere or write Springmaid, 200 Church St., N. Y.



Dark walls, news again

Dialogue of decorators

COLOUR SMASH,

SUGGESTED BY

THREE NEW YORK DECORATORS

FOR FIVE

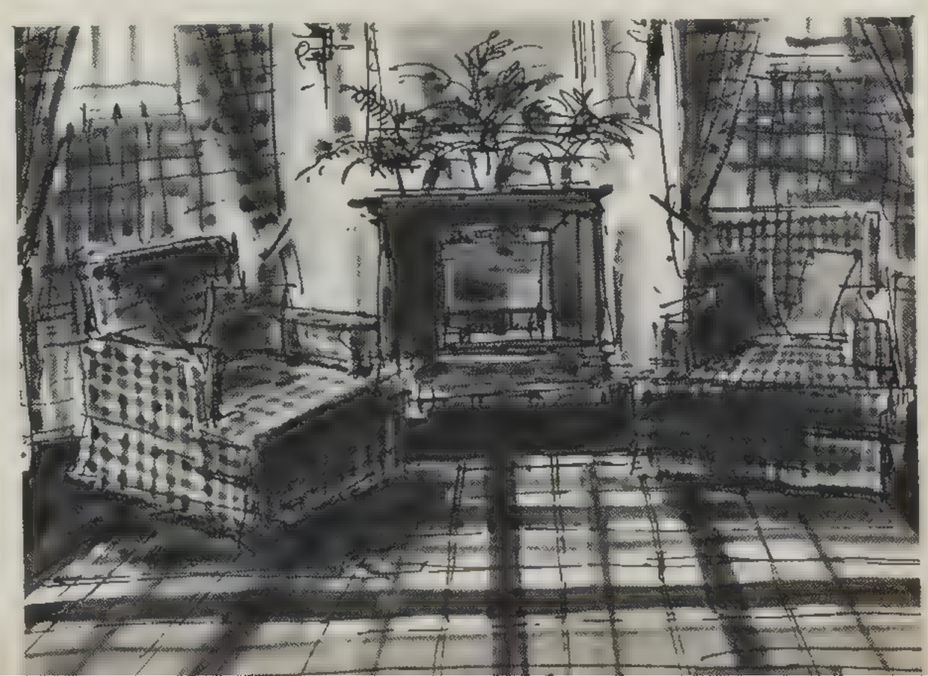
LIVELY ROOMS

Dark walls, revived, refreshed, and soothing, are the forecast of Yale Burge who might do a room with walls of a special new burlap or of Brazilian rosewood or of rubbed pine. In a sitting room, *above*, three walls are black "Burlon" and one wall is thin Brazilian rosewood. (For papering walls, "Burlon," a new paper-backed burlap, strips down to a coating of adhesive; rosewood is U.S. Plywood's "Flexwood," prepared as wallpaper.) Offsetting these walls, Mr. Burge suggests a pale chestnut provincial cabinet, a yellow tôle chandelier, and an iron Directoire camp bed covered in plaid wool. Black is repeated on the glossy parquet floor, in the dull leather armchair with brass nailheads, in the curtains—black linen on one side, but grey, blue, and black plaid on the other. Another room could have one wall of sandblasted pine rubbed with brown and seaweed green, the other three walls of scarlet burlap. Wool plaid, crossbarred in green and red, is used for two chairs, and for cushions on a rush-seated settee. Haitian cotton, red-and-black, covers another chair. Around a seventeenth-century table: bamboo chairs with pads of leaf-green taffeta. Strong pastels together is the suggestion of Albert Hadley of McMillan, Inc. For a living room, *lower left*, he suggests shining white wallpaper with pink, yellow, and mauve overblown flowers; and a citron yellow lacquered floor partially covered with flame-red sisal matting. Hot pink sailcloth, and sailcloth with stripes of hotter pink and acid yellow are used for curtains and slip coverings: undercurtains are of lucent China silk. Echoing the wallpaper: cushions of miniature pansy print on eggplant purple cotton. Combining several plaids in one room is the basic, new suggestion of the decorating firm, Baldwin and Martin. For a white-walled country sitting room, *below*, they suggest a dazzling red French plaid rug; at the windows, red-and-black "McIntoch Clan" tartan in soft wool—with more of that plaid on big armchairs. To calm the room down, a sofa in grass green, covered perhaps in durable Topsail, perhaps in Scalamandré's silk taffeta—with cushions of red wool banded in plaid ribbon. For a white pavilion by a pool, they suggest covering red-lacquered rattan sofa-beds with spreads of cotton Paisley print of red, lemon yellow, and orange. Circling a red-lacquered glass-topped table are natural wicker tub chairs, cushioned in lemon-yellow sailcloth. White pottery lamps have orange paper shades; curtains are white duck hung from brass rings on brass poles.

SKETCHES BY HEILEMANN



Strong pastels with white



Three plaids, comfortable together


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Dialogue of black and white with interruptions of grey

Variations of black and white, *left*, are newsmaking companions, pleasingly hospitable to colour; not just one, but many colours played against the domino theme, starting perhaps with one of the basket chairs shown here lacquered brilliant red, natural rattan, and lemon yellow.

A. The hourglass chair, red-lacquered, clearly comfortable for the man in it, is woven from willows. From Czechoslovakia. Natural willow, $33; $25 more if lacquered, by The McGuire Co*.

B. Rattan basket chair, well-proportioned like the girl in it. A new shape designed by Torsten Johansson. With black oxhide cushion. $295 at Georg Jensen.

C. Willow chair, *far right*, lemon-yellow, scaled for a child; practically indestructible, indoors or out. Natural willow, $19. The McGuire Co*.

These sixteen black and white, with some grey, materials shown here are planned as coverings for walls, windows, furniture, and floors.

1. Leopard spots for a wall, a veldt touch for a grey, black, and white paper. "Kenya," $7.50 a roll at Woodson Wallpapers*.

2. French idea for an off-white chair covering: a new mixture of hemp, horsehair, and cotton with shadow-trellising. $30 yd., Clarence House*.

3. Fiberglas in transparent white shines like satin, feels like silk, for windows anywhere in the house. $3.40 yd. at J. H. Thorp*.

4. Danish woollen, checked on a big scale, dashing, durable, for covering chairs and sofas. $23 yd. at Arthur H. Lee & Sons*.

5. Nubby French cotton, like the black-and-cream needlework of mediaeval maidens, is the new "Camaret Texture." $9.75 yd. at Brunschwig & Fils*.

6. Kraft cord rug, vinyl-coated, strongly-laced, tough, and non-fading, for a summer floor. Tangerine and white or green and white. Waite Carpet, $16 for a 6′ x 9′ rug at Altman's.

7. Beige-and-white striped ticking with the swirling black pattern of a seventeenth-century Dutch floral print. $8 yd. at Tressard*.

8. Black and grey wool from France in a muted plaid; there are also plain colours to match. $18 yd. at Clarence House*.

9. A French plaid rug, boldly affirmative in black and white wool, part of a large collection of rugs in various plaids. $16 sq. yd. at Stark Carpet*.

10. Chintz with a delicate black design on white—an eighteenth-century pattern for curtains or slip covers. $7.50 yd., Brunschwig & Fils*.

11. Black-and-white "Erskine Clan" wool tartan from Scotland; light as heather, delightful for curtains, fringed rather than hemmed. $14 yd., Arthur H. Lee & Sons*.

12. Belgian linen, off-white, loomed in an open weave for an aerated effect at summer windows. $8 yd. at Lehman-Connor*.

13. Wallpaper, finely-drawn white tracery on shining black, or finely-drawn black on matte white, an effective pairing for walls and screens. $7.50 a roll at Woodson Wallpapers*.

14. Tiles, handmade in France with a Provence look. These are black and white but there are other colours and shapes. $6.50 sq. ft.; Three Centuries Antiques.

15. For curtains, smoky-grey dahlias and paler-grey leaves, hand-screened on white semi-sheer cotton. $7.50 yd. (West Coast, $10.) At Quaintance Fabrics*.

16. Rug in a geometric design, black-and-white and reversible; a warming touch from Denmark for marble floors. "Elsinore," $18.20 for a 3′ x 5′ rug, Schumacher*.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

HORST



Wisconsin streamscape in a bird sanctuary

The Herbert F. Johnson House



Streamside deck—for sunning, for breakfast, for bird-watching

"The House" is what the Herbert F. Johnsons call their new, brilliant, pale brick, L-shaped house in Racine, Wisconsin, on tender, pond-dotted land—"like the French château country," said Mrs. Johnson, who has a house in France, too.

The Johnsons like their relaxed house, given to no special period, allowing full savouring of the four vividly contrasting Wisconsin seasons, of their bird sanctuary, of the river-wide sapphire-blue stream rolling by, of their walled-in garden and pool.

They wanted this sense of enclosure, of indisputable privacy, but they did not want to bring the outdoors *all* the way indoors. The architect, Henry Eggers, and the interior designers, T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings and his associate, Carlton Pullin, gave the walls great expanses of glass, interrupted the glass with pairs of thick vertical posts—bastions between inside and out. Drawn at night between double posts, the curtains gain architectural interest from the walnut breaks.

Both zealous fishermen, both born in Wisconsin, the Johnsons met in Australia, where Mrs. Johnson, then the actress Irene Purcell, was starring in *The Women*. Mr. Johnson, there on business, saw in a Sidney newspaper a photograph of Miss Purcell, a golden girl, bravely angling for tiger shark; he met her.

On their honeymoon they went grouse hunting; and fish and birds have determined part of their schedules ever since. "The House" provides a nice measure of both. Late afternoons the Johnsons often go down to their bubbling-with-bass stream, catch their dinner, bring the fish back to be cleaned by Mr. Johnson in the basement game room. The ever-on-stage bird pageantry includes, as performers, teal ducks and ducklings floating down the stream, pheasants on the banks, Canadian geese flying over.

One of eleven charter members of The Wine and Food Society of New York, Mrs. Johnson varies the luncheon and dinner scenery, sometimes has the first course outside, the others inside. Four of her settings are shown here: the living room for buffets; the dining room for sitdown dinners; the second-floor deck for breakfast and tea; the poolside pergola where cold Senegalese soup in a pitcher might precede curried chicken eaten in the house. *(Continued next page)*





In the living room, *opposite*, and the dining room, *above*, Chinese furniture of the seventeenth-and-eighteenth centuries and Colombian and Peruvian silver meld with contemporary tables, chairs, and sofas, designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings. Aglow with walnut panels, a Parquet de Fontainebleau floor, and the warm tones of café-au-lait, sunny yellow, honey beiges, the living room has a K'ang Hsi table, the dining room, a red lacquer armoire made of Chinese screens.

Right, across the pool from the living room, the pergola has a base of pink pebbles embedded in cement, green and yellow canvas chairs, and a view of the flower beds, kept in almost constant bloom with plants from the green house.

EZRA STOLLER



FZRA STOLLER

THE JOHNSON HOUSE *continued*

The Johnson kitchen invites cooking *expertise*, culinary invention. A blend of wood walls and counters, no-stoop stainless steel oven, freezer, and refrigerator, a brilliant red vinyl floor, and a wide view of woodland outside, the room has a centre island with a maple chopping block and a hooded, counter-top cooking section. For this photograph, Robsjohn-Gibbings arranged the fruit and vegetable still life on the counter. "I told Gibbie I'd never done anything quite like that in the kitchen," Mrs. Johnson said. Some of the delicious things she does do in her handsome and handy kitchen are reported below.

The big Johnson kitchen + five Johnson menus

Mrs. Johnson likes dramatic, well-planned food presentation—masses of candlelight, cold soups in crystal bowls on beds of crushed ice, hot soups ladled out of old family tureens, local Wisconsin cheeses on the same menu with a camarao shrimp cocktail she learned from the Brazilian cook at the Johnsons' ocean house near Rio de Janeiro. Included in her cooking equipment is an outdoor herb garden, with special emphasis on rosemary, orégano, mint, and tarragon; in the autumn the garden is potted and moved indoors to a south window. Four quarts of cut-up chicken are kept in the freezer the year round, in readiness for fast chicken à la king or a curry, a frequent entry on Johnson menus, with its chopped-up condiments. Then there is the stream outside and its constant abundance of fish; in the winter the Johnsons fish through the ice, caught twenty-four bass one day this year. Here, five Johnson menus.

Breakfast on the terrace deck: Orange juice; melon filled with seedless white grapes; scrambled eggs with Wisconsin sausages, sautéed mushrooms; hot buttered English muffins, with strawberry jam and Seville orange marmalade; coffee. *Luncheon that starts by the pool:* Jellied madrilène, with chopped fresh dill and parsley—this in the shade of the pergola; then, in the dining room, curried egg casserole, topped with bacon curls; sliced tomatoes with chopped fresh basil; macédoine of fruit with homemade cookies. *Cold weather dinner:* Sherried crab-meat soup; roast baby turkey with chestnut stuffing; pink applesauce with horse-radish; celery braised with onion in broth; asparagus with brown butter; mixed green salad with French dressing; floating island (made in heart-shaped moulds) on a bed of strawberries, Sabayon sauce; coffee. *Sunday supper:* Sopa de Albóndiga (a thick meat soup spooned by Mr. Johnson from a great tureen); crusty French bread with whipped sweet butter; caramel custard; macaroons; coffee. *Post-fishing supper:* Vichyssoise with chopped chives; fresh-caught fish (from the Johnson stream), bass or sweet bluegills lightly fried in butter, served with lemon, parsley butter; coleslaw with tarragon, sour cream dressing; Wisconsin cheeses.

ENERGY

(Continued from page 37)

a period of severe stress, or is experiencing post-operative depression and exhaustion, provided there is no actual deficiency, the beneficial psychological effect of a vitamin shot or any other harmless pill or injection, administered by a competent physician, is not to be underestimated. It acts as a placebo, and sometimes quite successfully. Faced with the opinion that there are many intelligent and medically knowledgeable people who do claim a definite increase of energy from such vitamin shots, he said, "It has nothing to do with intelligence." There is a psychological need to be released from the exhaustion and the unconscious conflicts that override these people's reason. They believe and they are helped. Certainly vitamins are effective in cases of established deficiency, but where there is no lack, the vanguard of medical opinion does not believe in their non-psychological value.

Quick aids to energy are undoubtedly found in drugs, from pep pills to tranquillizers, all of which should be used only on the advice of a doctor. The exhaustion that follows hard work is normal and should be relieved with TV, golf, reading, movies, tennis, music, or whatever relaxes and diverts. The businessman who, after a day of important decisions, must face a demanding social evening, tired and jangled, need not face it stoically without the aid of whatever pill his doctor has prescribed. On the other hand, for someone else, equally fatigued, a half-hour cat nap might be the solution. The individual's temperament controls the prescription. For some people a movie can provide a more relaxing effect than a tranquillizer.

Climate is still another conditioner of the uses of energy. The tropics are notoriously debilitating. The brilliant English scholar and critic, F. L. Lucas in an essay on "Happiness," in his recently published book, *The Greatest Problem*, points to the Indian proverb: "To stand is better than to move; to sit than to stand; to lie than to sit; and to be dead than all that." To Mr. Lucas' Western mind this seems "a dismal and detestable view of life, attributable partly to a debilitating climate." Energy he rates as one of the surest sources of happiness. "If human energy could be bought, like electrical," he wrote, "I do not know on what a wise man would sooner spend his money; even if it meant something near to beggaring himself."

The human energy of which Mr. Lucas writes can not be bought, but some of its conditions are for sale—proper food, proper medical care, and, in a few cases, psychiatric advice or therapy. (An efficient secretary, a trusted children's nurse or housekeeper can free a man or woman not only from the worries that devour energy, but for the activities that interest and stir up energy.)

Some psychiatrists are now optimistic about an increase of energy for human beings, even more so about a future of more vital people. One set this example: A young mother with a professional career behind her may find the care of her children not intellectually stimulating enough, and will spend most of her energies in boredom and guilt over feeling this way. She wakes up morning after morning exhausted after a good night's sleep because she can see nothing in the day with her children to stimulate her, to spark her energy. The reaction is the same with many men and women discontent with their jobs, their marriages, or any part of their lives.

This fatigue upon awakening after a proper night of rest may be a clue to psychic exhaustion. It's an even better clue if, in the case of the bored mother, there is no evidence of tiredness at the prospect of an evening at the theatre with her husband, or on a Sunday when he is about the house reading the newspapers with her, helping to amuse the children. With her kind of difficulty, short-

(Continued on page 111)

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MAX ERNST

(Continued from page 68)

in a sensitive child's mind. . . .

1894: First contact with painting: The child watched the father at work on a small water colour entitled "Solitude" which represented a hermit, seated in a beech forest, reading a book. Something both peaceful and menacing emanated from this "Solitude"—perhaps because of the subject (unusual in spite of its simplicity) or because of the way in which it was treated. Each of the countless leaves, stirred by branches of the tree, had been delineated with obsessive solicitude; each seemed endowed with a separate and solitary life. In the painting the hermit appeared seated somewhere beyond this world and his supernatural air both thrilled and frightened little Max. . . .

1896: First contact with drawing: Little Max made a series of drawings. They represented the father, mother, sister Maria (one year older than himself), two younger sisters, a friend, and the stationmaster of the railroad. In the sky —a train, abundantly smoking. . . .

1897: First contact with nothingness: His sister Maria kissed him and her sisters goodbye and, a few hours later, died. . . .

1898: Second contact with painting: He watched the father begin a picture in the garden *après nature* and finish it in his studio. The father omitted a tree which disturbed the composition. When he had finished the painting he went out and chopped down the tree so that no longer would there exist any difference between nature and art. Against such strict realism revolt grew in the child's heart. He decided to direct himself towards a more equitable conception of the relationship between the subjective and the objective world. . . .

1906: First contact with the occult, magic and witchcraft: On the night of the fifth of January one of his closest friends, a most intelligent and affectionate pink cockatoo, died. It was a terrible shock to Max when, in the morning, he discovered the dead body and when, at the same moment, the father announced the birth of a sister. . . .

Excursions into the world of marvels, chimeras, phantoms, poets, monsters, philosophers, birds, women, lunatics, magi, trees, eroticism, poisons, mathematics, and so forth. A book that he wrote at this time the father found and burned. The title was *Divers' Manual*. . . .

1910-1911: The young man, eager for knowledge, avoided any studies which might degenerate into breadwinning. Instead his pursuits were those considered futile by his professors—predominantly painting. Other futile pursuits: reading seditious philosophers and unorthodox poetry, transient pleasures, and so forth. Attracted by the most audacious spirits, he was willing to receive the most contradictory influences—in painting, for example—Manet, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Goya, Macke, Kandinsky, Delaunay, and so forth. . . .

1914: First contact with Arp: One day in Cologne M.E. noticed someone about his own age in a gallery which showed works by Cézanne, Derain, Braque, and Picasso. His face was handsome and spiritual, his manners courtly. However they contrasted strangely with what he was doing. With gentleness (Franciscan) and competence (Voltairian), he seriously was attempting to explain to an old fool the virtues of modern art. The imbecile pretended to be convinced but exploded with rage when Arp showed him some of his own drawings. With shouts and gestures he announced that he was seventy-two, that his whole life and strength had been devoted to art, and that, if this were the result of all his sacrifices, it would be better . . . Quietly Arp suggested that it would be better—to ascend to heaven. Pronouncing maledictions the fool left; M.E. and Arp joined hands to conclude a pact of friendship still vigorous today.

1922: . . . August: Born and bred in the Rhineland, escaped, with neither papers nor money, to Paris to live. . . .

1925: On the tenth of August (in Pornic, the home of Gilles de Laval) M.E. found a process which rests solely upon the intensification of the mind's powers of irritability. In view of the characteristics of its technique, he called it *frottage* (rubbing) and, in his own personal development, it has had an even larger share than collage from which, indeed,

he believes it does not fundamentally differ. By means of appropriate techniques, by excluding all conscious mental influences (of reason, taste, or morals) and by reducing to a minimum the active part of what, until now has been called the "author," this process revealed itself as the exact equivalent of what was known as automatic writing. By enlarging the active part of the mind's hallucinatory faculties, he succeeded in attending, simply as a spectator, the birth of his works. . . .

1929: One day a painter asked M.E., "What are you doing now, are you working?" "Yes," he replied, "I am making collages. I am preparing a book which will be called *The Hundred Headless Woman.*"

The acquaintance whispered in his ear, "And what sort of glue are you using?" With that modest air which his contemporaries so admire, he admitted that in most of his collages, there is little use for glue; that he is not responsible for the term "collage," that of fifty-six of the catalogue numbers of his exhibition of "collages" in 1920, only twelve justified the term collage-découpage. As for the other forty-four, Aragon was right when he said "the place to catch the thoughts of M.E. is the place where, with a little colour, a line of pencil, he ventures to acclimate the phantom which he has just precipitated into a foreign landscape." Maxim: If it is not plumes that make plumage, it is not glue (*colle*) that makes collages. . . .

1938: Enraged by a monstrous demand, "to sabotage in every possible way the poetry of Paul Eluard," M.E. quit the Surrealist group. . . .

1939: "He is under the jurisdiction of the German Reich." As an enemy alien, M.E. was interned: first for six weeks in a camp at Largentière, then transferred to Les Milles near Aix-en-Provence. Liberated at Christmas time, thanks to a petition by Eluard to Albert Sarrault, M.E. returned to Saint Martin. Survived on subsidies sent him by his friend Joë Bousquet.

1940: May: Interned again, first in a camp at Lorio, then transferred to the St. Nicholas (!) camp near Nîmes. Escaped to Saint Martin, recaptured, interned again, escaped again just as his papers for release arrived. Allowed to return, once more, to Saint Martin. An offer of shelter secured in the United States by several friends including Marga Barr, son Jimmy, expedited through the Emergency Rescue Committee by Varian Fry.

1941: . . . July: M.E. arrived in New York at the LaGuardia airport where his son Jimmy welcomed him to the United States. From the plane he had glimpsed the lovely lady, the Statue of Liberty. Hardly off the plane he was seized by immigration authorities. "He is under the jurisdiction of the German Reich." Interned in the fortress of Ellis Island—had a splendid view of the Statue of Liberty. Liberated after three days, M.E. travelled for several weeks across the United States—Chicago, New Orleans, Arizona, New Mexico, California. . . .

In New York, on Wall Street, M.E. enjoyed the way they pronounced his name and added it to his collection. Here it is: Mac, Maxt, Mex, Mask, Oinest, Oinst, and so forth.

1942: Exhibitions in New York, Chicago, and New Orleans, complete "flops." The press hostile (or silent), the public recalcitrant (sales nil), and so forth. Compensation: Young painters and poets were enthusiastic. . . .

1947: Sedona, Arizona: building, sculpting, painting, writing, and—last (not least) loving (Dorothea). . . .

1954: At the Twenty-seventh Biennale of the City of Venice, M.E. to his astonishment grabbed first prize.

1958: . . . Spring: M.E. was astonished when he was informed that The Museum of Modern Art in New York wished to organize an exhibition of his work.

1961: January: M.E. arrived in New York with the intention of visiting Sedona, an exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art and, perhaps, his grandchildren. He reread (with interest) this dated data, a chronology unchronologically composed. In it he found things old, things new (and some things censored). It is, he decided, to be read in English by other friends, some new, some old, all young.



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TAHITI

(Continued from page 96)

slate-blue tuna caught by bamboo fishing rods fitted with four-inch spoons of white, exquisite mother-of-pearl; the spoons look like barrettes.

"Le Truck," the native bus with wooden benches, rumbles by, its roof usually heaped with bunches of green bananas, live chickens, blocks of ice. Swinging from the sides and back are long fish that sway like the pendulum of a metronome. The water-front grandstand is the Vaima Café, the local Doney's, Ritz Bar, Dôme; its two signs read "Salon de Thé" and "Snack Bar." Everybody meets everybody there. Visitors use the umbrella-shaded terrace and front room tables; residents, the quiet back bar.

Squatting on water-front curbstones, women sew flower crowns. Hidden in deep baskets, under a blanket of leaves, the layers of *tiare*, the island flower, white as a gardenia, has a sweet, but fresh, lingering smell; each crown costs about twenty cents.

In bamboo letters on a façade of yellow woven pandanus, the name "Quinn's," the jumpy water-front night club, stands out. Under green lights, a sea of parked motorbikes, with tired flower-crowns hooked on the handlebars, lean wearily.

On the un-peopled West coast, wild, windy, rocky with black sand beaches, the small fistfuls of huts resemble a Monopoly game. At Venus Point, MGM built a Polynesian village to film *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

At the foot of boxes that look like rural mailboxes, the milkman sets the bottles of pasteurized milk; in the box itself, the baker delivers long French loaves. Wire cooping like invisible hairnets keeps the thatched roofs unruffled; their deep fringed overhang of coconut palms resembling thick eyelashes.

The permanent pageant runs on the island of Mooréa, ten miles away. All day on its jagged peaks, golden clouds linger like whiffs of tulle. At sunset, the explosion of fiery, fierce colours reflects in Papeete's still lagoon.

The charming porters at the Tahiti Hotel are barefooted girls in bright dresses.

At night, when boats slice through phosphorescent waters, there is an explosion of mirrored polka dots, as big as fifty cent pieces.

Tahitian ways of life

Two of the high-style Chinese dressmakers call themselves "Héloise" and "Augustine." A dress copied efficiently in forty-eight hours runs around $10; a made-to-order bikini, around $4.50. To choose materials, thread-thin Chinese sewing girls go with the customers to other Chinese shops. At the Bamboo Cinema, built of shining yellow bamboo, the movies are often old Westerns with French subtitles.

The cooler for Tahitian girls, including the flower in their hair, is a quick dip into the nearest lagoon or river. (The girls wear bikinis under their *pareus,* carry a fresh, folded *pareu*, like a clean handkerchief, wherever they go.)

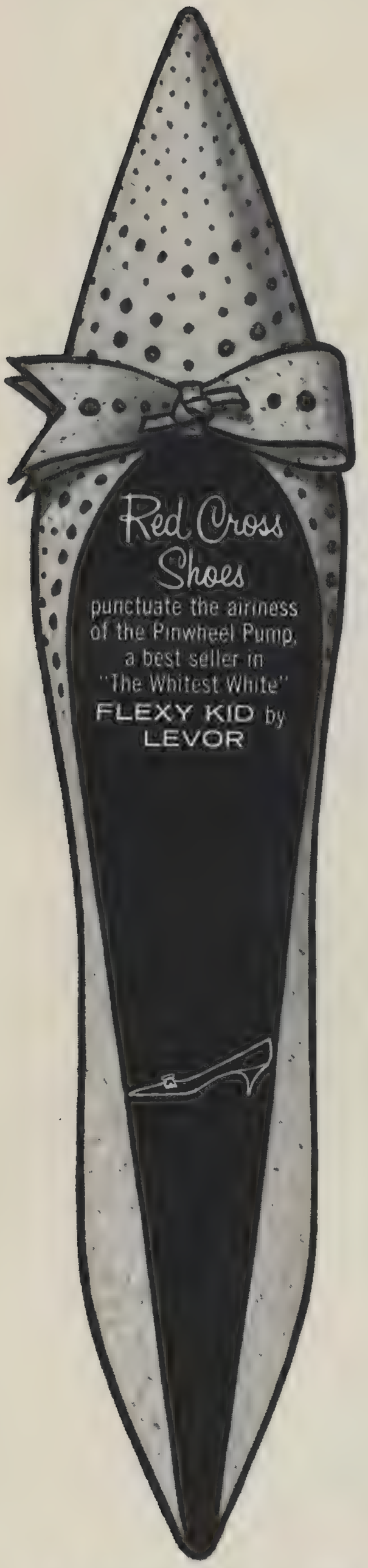
Raising the eyebrows means "yes."

Iced rum punch, made with Martinique rum, pineapple, lemon juice, and sugar, comes in blond bamboo cups. To go with the punch, unroasted peanuts arrive in split bamboo stems, usually about a foot long, three inches wide.

The local beauty oil, *Monoi Tiare*—shredded coconut meat and *tiare* flower blossoms soaked in sunshine—works on hair as well as on skin.

Hotel data

On the lagoon stands the new Tahiti Hotel, a luxe picture framed by green grounds and tended flower beds. The hotel's Polynesian thatched beehive-roofed bungalows have sitting rooms, white cotton curtains dashed with red, electric refrigerators, hibiscus blossoms in shell vases; beds on bases of coconut tree stumps; and comfortable dressing rooms. In the roofed and open long-house, the bar top resembles a backgammon board, and the bar stools are carved wood Tiki. Candlelight dinners; footlighted walks. Delicious fresh-water shrimp; grapefruits, the size and colour of honeydew melons, have a lime taste. One per-



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son in a bungalow, $18 a day with three meals. Cab fare from the water front, about 1¼ miles away, a flat $.75, tipping not necessary.

Six miles east of Papeete, on a hill slope, the neat housekeeping bungalows of The Lotus Village circle a swimming pool. Sitting room, bedroom, and a pale green, all-electric kitchen, about $15 for one or two people, with maid service.

In the valley, less than two miles out of town, the one-room bungalows of the Tiki Tapu huddle together like a Polynesian village. Short-wave radios, ice-boxes, telephones; only breakfasts and tea—they, of course, extra. One person; about $7 a day.

On a man-made white sandy beach, under a coconut grove, the new Bel-Air Cottages accept couples and single women, no bachelors. Housekeeping arrangements; living rooms, dining alcoves, good kitchens, bedrooms with foam rubber mattresses. Single women, about $90 a week; just $10 more for a couple.

The low Aimeo Hotel stretches out on the island of Mooréa, green with vanilla fields, white with beaches. In the calm of Cook's Bay, the hotel's bamboo lounge is open, uncluttered; for rooms, bamboo cottages. Here, dinners are feasts, and after dinner—in a sandy grove—there are elegant Polynesian folk dances, fast hulas. The hotel owners, Tahiti Tours, run an overnight arrangement to Mooréa which includes everything, hotel, meals, dancing, and boat trip—that rough two hours on the perpetually rolling Pacific—charge, $32 for one person. Straight cost, without the party, but with three meals, $20 a day for one person.

Note: on these islands, hotel reservations are necessary, some are already booked through July.

Restaurant data

At Chez Chapiteau, just off the water front, the best French food and wine on the island. On the restaurant's second floor balcony, the best tables.

At the Waikiki, delicious Cantonese dishes at reasonable prices; the dining room, simple, white, well-scrubbed.

At the Canton, pink on the outside, solid red inside—the prices for American-Chinese food run somewhat high.

For a drink at sunset with a magnificent view of Mooréa, there is the jungly terrace bar of the Iaorana Villa, seven miles out of town.

On the trip around the island, the pleasant and classic midway stop is the restaurant Faratea. In the breezy bamboo dining room, good hors d'œuvres, and the earthy Algerian wine, Le Hogar. New additions here; the handful of bungalows with sitting-rooms resembling screened porches. For one person with meals, $20 a day.

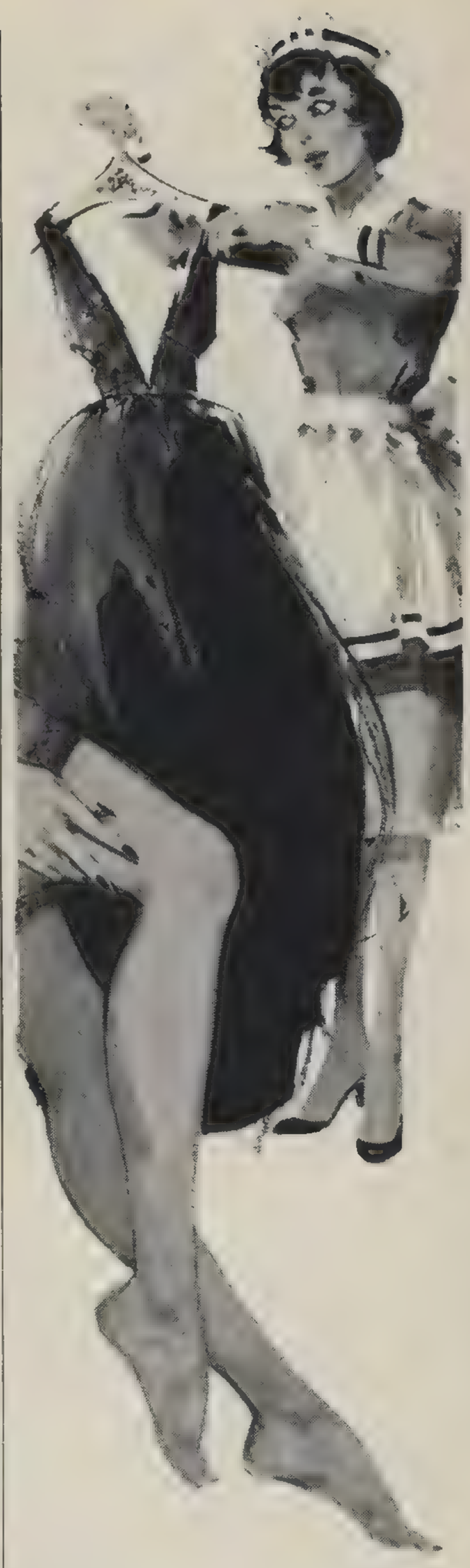
Travel data

Getting around there: Hertz Rent A Car has a fleet of Dauphines and Peugeots, as well as a few English-speaking drivers; The Avis Rent-a-Car specializes in the two-horsepower Citroën, those small, box-like cars.

Getting there: beginning May 4, Transports Aériens Intercontinentaux jets will fly nonstop Los Angeles-Papeete in less than eight hours; round trip on the weekly shuttle-service; first class, about $1,000; tourist, $750. From Honolulu to Papeete, the weekly five-and-half-hour T.A.I. jet trip, round trip, first class, about $700; tourist about $500. (In North America, T.A.I. arrangements should be made through Air France.)

Among the attractions on board, in addition to a pretty Tahitian girl wearing a blue *pareu:* Marcel Rochas soap, its paper wrapping looking like black lace lingerie; Mumm champagne at luncheon and supper; magazines and newspapers from England, France, and the U.S.A. An especially fast, smooth trip—rather like driving on a thruway. The one land view on the Honolulu route, the British Christmas Islands, like a swatch of grey printed taffeta on a flat blue board. T.A.I. maps divide the globe into neat hunks, like a Hershey bar.

Twice a week, the sea-foam blue "Bounty," the SPAL Constellation flies Honolulu-Papeete.



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BLACK SATIN PERFUME*

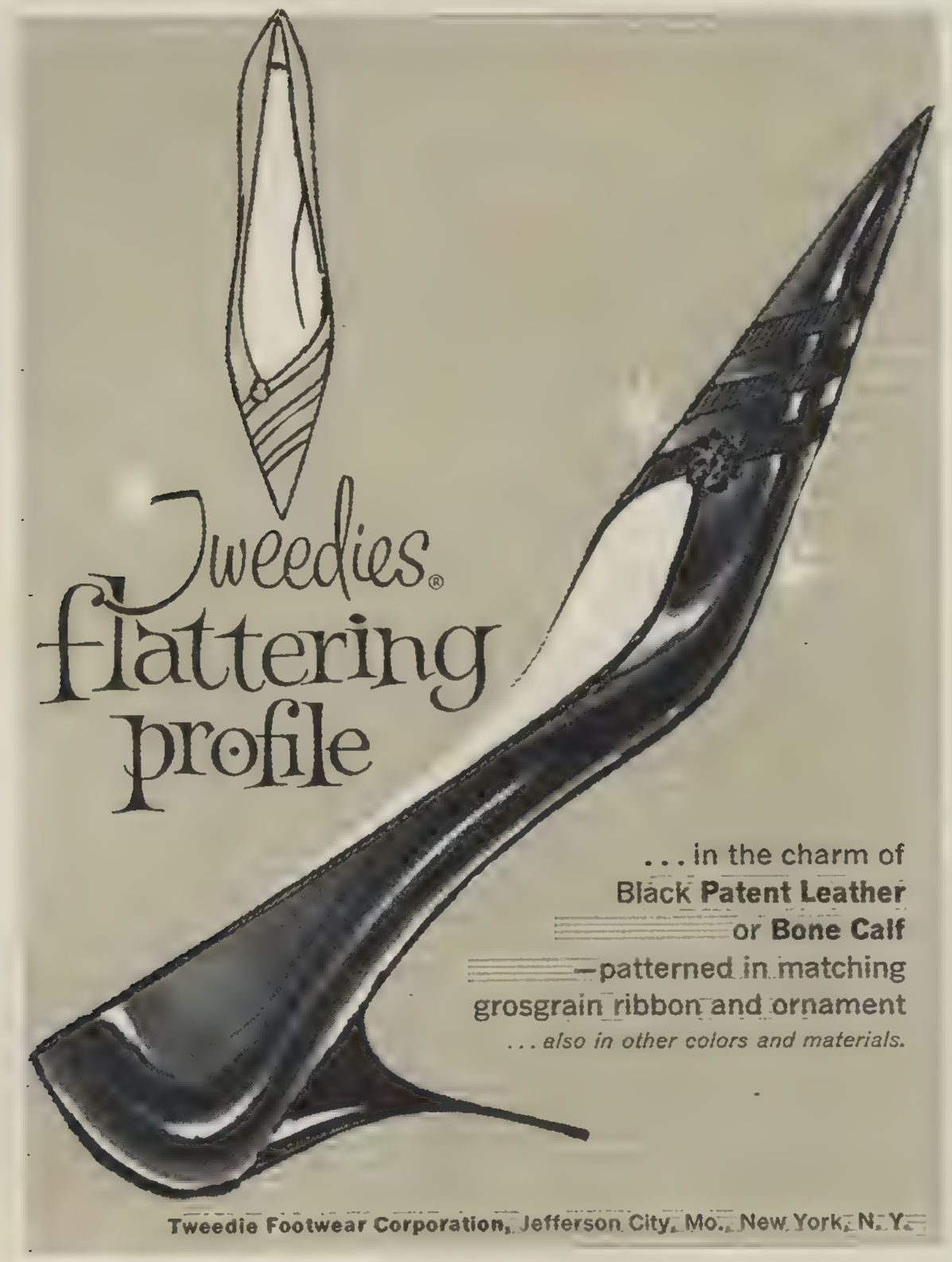


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Dialogue of reds and yellows: detailed

The smashingly coloured materials shown on Vogue's Fashions in Living cover on page 97 are numbered, *above*, for reference.

1. Orange-and-pink Mexican cotton. $6.90 yd. at Jack Lenor Larsen*.
2. Hot-pink silk from Hong Kong, to billow at windows. $1.25 yd. at Dazian.
3. Polychrome bouquets on chintz. $6.50 yd. at Greeff Fabrics*.
4. Variations of red striped on Dacron. $4 yd., a Cohama fabric.
5. Orange China silk, superb filter for sunlight. Myriad colours. $1.25 yd. at Dazian.
6. Ruby to topaz plaid of rayon and nylon. $14 yd. Boris Kroll*.
7. Crimson cotton. $2 yd., an Everfast fabric with Everglaze easy care.
8. Pastel pansies on polished white wallpaper, "Les Pensées." $15 a roll at Philip Graf*.
9. Red Danish cone chair which swivels and locks into position. $315 at George Tanier*.
10. Shaggy red, black, green rug by Bigelow. $140 for a 4′ x 6′ rug, at Altman's.
11. Flame-orange sisal runner from Holland. $5 sq. yd. at Ernest Treganowan*.
12. Yellow, black, white "Dress Barclay" Scottish tartan. $14.25 yd. at Arthur H. Lee & Sons*.
13. "Red McIntoch" wool clan tartan. $14.25 yd. at Arthur H. Lee & Sons*.
14. Red and gold patterned brocade, of rayon and nylon. $16.35 yd. at Boris Kroll*.
15. Yellow English cotton chenille which looks like velours. $12.40 yd. at J. H. Thorp*.
16. Hand-printed flowers on olive-green Belgian linen. $12 yd. at Greeff Fabrics*.
17. Magenta wool carpeting. About $19 sq. yd. by Lees.
18. Canary-yellow vinyl tile. About $.85 sq. ft. by Amtico.
19. Red and orange stripes on nylon. $14.40 yd. at Boris Kroll*.
20. Burlap now on paper strips to an adhesive-backing. "Burlon", $2.15 yd. at Van Arden Fabrics.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

ENERGY

(Continued from page 105)

term psychotherapy, anywhere from a single session to once a week for a few months, might be constructive and successful. The psychotherapy would aim at adjusting her to the situation, or suggesting a change of situation if possible; a part-time job or some other intellectual diversion might make the difference. Here psychiatry takes on the function of a minister, family physician, or wise, trusted friend. This is a broad view of psychiatry shared by many general medical practitioners, ministers, priests, who have studied psychology to free the psychiatrists for the numerous, more serious cases of deep emotional disturbance.

With short-term and long-term patients, Dr. Nathan Kline has had some success with a group of drugs that he named "psychic-energizers." These are not tranquillizers or pep pills (although he has had results with these, too) but such drugs as phenelzine (Nardil), nialamid (Niamid), isocarboxazid (Marplan), tranylcypromazine (Parnate), which were introduced for the purpose of treating depression but which also appear to improve concentration and memory. They are slower, longer-lasting workers that fill up the well, as he puts it, while Dexedrine, Benzedrine, and the other pep pills speed up the pump and can leave the well partly empty. He once tried iproniazid, an earlier drug of this group, on himself and found that he could do three or four hours' extra work daily. For the future of such drugs in improving many normal functions, among them memory and concentration, Dr. Kline has great hopes, although their use is at present restricted to doctor's prescription; the side effects on people with no problems have not been studied.

Perhaps some of the most rewarding results achieved by these drugs are on certain patients who seem to have been born with very little energy, sleep a great deal, function slowly and are generally depressed. These are people with what is thought to be a disorder of the body chemistry, a metabolic difference from the normal. They respond with increased vitality to the psychic-energizer drugs, some within four to six months. After that time, some are cured and no longer need the drugs. Dr. Kline, however, has one patient who has been taking them for the last four years.

The sale of these psychic energizers has risen in the past year to $10,000,000 (a figure that does *not* include pep pills or tranquillizers). The energizers are, of course, not on the market for public sale but are administered by psychiatrists, psychotherapists, as well as general medical practitioners. With his brave new world perspective for these drugs, Dr. Kline looks forward to a time when more general physicians will come to use them, a point of view which he opposed—quite incorrectly, he says now—in the very beginning of the drugs' history.

This optimism is no doubt one of the ingredients of Dr. Kline's own natural energy, which is considerable. Psychiatry and/or drugs and all of science can not—and don't pretend to be able to—create even one of the qualities of temperament that produce it.

Great energy like that of Picasso, who has produced more painting, more sculpture, more art than any contemporary artist, and at seventy-nine still can not bear to rest from creation, is the energy of genius. Sir Winston Churchill, at an age when most men have retired to the fireside, worked intensively through the greatest crisis the world has known. His passionate concern for his world was too strong to let it be conquered. Alexander the Great, one story goes, died at thirty-three because he had no more worlds to conquer. Actually the story isn't true, but its reverse is—he *lived* to conquer worlds. These are examples in the great tradition of energy. The same catalyst, however, that sparks the

(Continued on page 113)



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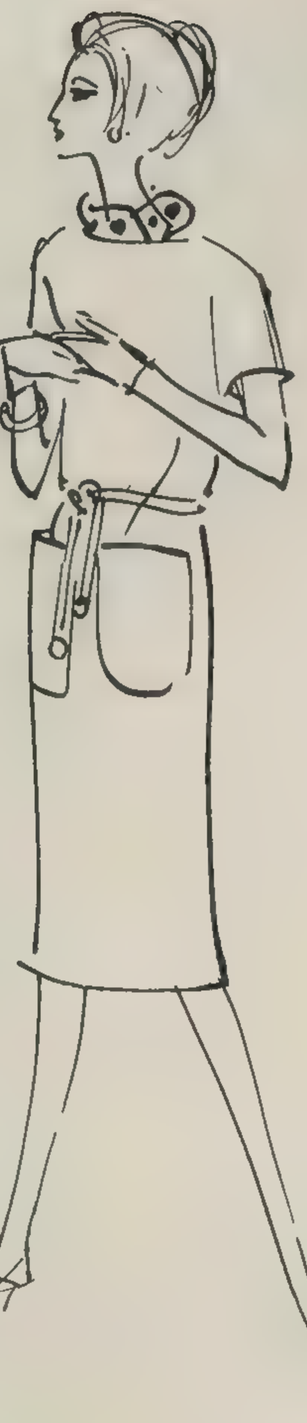
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Maternity clothes,

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Maternity fashions, taking a turn for the narrower: straight little dresses, sleek and absolutely unfussy, made in marvellous fabrics—and furthermore, they're expandable. Pull a thread at each side seam and presto, the dress is wider from sleeves to hem; there are enough threads for four such expansions. Sketched here, the nucleus of a summer wardrobe. Each dress has a ropy belt to knot on—or not. All by Nancy Dee at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Top: Casual cotton cord, unsleeved, pink-and-white striped, patch-pocketed. About $20.

Centre: Shift of white hopsacking, the neckline fillable with a scarf. Acetate, rayon, and cotton fabric; about $35.

Left: City cotton—black-and-white Glen plaid. About $35.

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ENERGY

(Continued from page 111)

energy of genius can spark the energy of anyone with a moderately sound mind and body. The catalyst is interest, a passionate concern with one's own world.

William James wrote in his essay on *The Energies of Men,* "... the plain fact remains that men the world over possess amounts of resource which only very exceptional individuals push to their extremes of use. But the very same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep the pace up day after day, and find no 'reaction' of a bad sort, so long as decent hygienic conditions are preserved. His more active rate of energizing does not wreck him; for the organism adapts itself and as the rate of waste augments, augments correspondingly the rate of repair."

We see this happening every day. The fuel that fires energy is interest, zeal, the consuming wish, combined with steady concentration on the means of accomplishing ambitions. Not geniuses, but relatively undistinguished people find every day the energy to do what they think they can not. They even learn to enjoy the challenge, discovering that with excitement, will, determination, concentration, they can open deeper and deeper levels of energy they did not know existed in themselves. It is as if interest were a miraculous fire that ignites our highest energies.

MRS. ANTHONY A. BLISS

(Continued from page 40)

unhesitant pinks, blues, "weird and lively greens," no-colour colours, prints with character; and what she doesn't like—eccentric lines, clothes that are difficult to move in, geometric prints, coats that you have to clutch at. She is, in addition, finicky about details, and will often have a ready-made dress almost completely restyled until the fit and proportions are exactly right: zippers must be made to lie absolutely flat at the back of the neck; the inner seams of below-elbow sleeves are firmed up with flat elastic tape to hold them neatly in place; because she feels that it gives a more graceful line, she has waistlines lowered slightly at the back; and for the same reason, her hemlines are a bit longer at back than in front.

Once Mrs. Bliss has found a look that suits her, she sticks with it; a favourite tweed skirt is going on eight, and she still wears a twelve-year-old black suit from Piguet's last collection. Often, almost without thinking, she buys a look all over again, in another fabric or another colour. Recently, for example, she bought a bamboo-coloured suit with a small, easy jacket and full skirt, discovered later that she owned what amounted to the identical suit—in yellow, in raspberry tweed, in grey flannel.

The bulk of Mrs. Bliss's shopping is accomplished in two or three major forays. Through the rest of the year, where clothes are concerned, she simply coasts—and now and then gives way to an irresistible impulse: the white Loden-cloth cape on page 41 is one; a crocheted black wool poncho from Simonetta's boutique in Rome; a short, all-over sequinned black shift (which isn't, she feels "her"—but fun anyway); soft, roomy, odd-brown handbags from Florence; a sea-green straw hat, with a big curvy Kate Greenaway sort of brim (under it, she claims, "I'm practically incognito").

At present, the only working fur in Mrs. Bliss's wardrobe is a little mink stole, and there's a movement on her husband's part to make shopping time for a coat. When she does get around to it, Mrs. Bliss promised herself, "It will be the biggest, most beautiful mink I can find."



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Above: Strapless brassière of white Ban-Lon lace of nylon and Lycra; bordered with delicate ribbon beading. By Surprise, about $6; at Macy's.

Right: White Ban-Lon lace of nylon and Lycra, with additional support from panels of nylon satin; brassière by Surprise, about $5; Franklin Simon.



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